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THE OTHER SIDE GOD'S DOOR

“THE OTHER SIDE GOD’S DOOR ”

MESSAGES FROM LORD KITCHENER,
MARY BAKER EDDY, AND OTHERS,

BY

MABEL NIXON ROBERTSON

“ There is never a flower that fades
But blooms the other side God's door.”

LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & Co., LTD.

NEW YORK : E. P. DUTTON & CO.

1920

“ Said the Frog in the well :
‘ I believe what they tell me about the ocean
is greatly exaggerated ’.”

Dedicated
to
“ The FROGS in the well.”

BF

1301

R65

DEAR MRS ROBERTSON,—

Your statement is very interesting, and in parts very convincing—indeed, some of the tests seem quite final.

Making every allowance for multiple personality and other stumbling-blocks, I think you have made out a clear case for inspiration.

The teaching as to the conditions of the life beyond corresponds with all that I have already gathered.

With all sympathy,

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Windlesham, Crowborough,

Sussex, July, 1919.

PREFACE

There are two primary objects in my publishing this statement of messages from 'the other side God's door,' the first being the constant 'urge' from the writers to do so, which makes my situation one of either a privilege or predicament, according to the credulity or incredulity of the reader, and the other is, that I may lay before all whose eyes travel over its pages the way and condition in which to go about it, if they, too, wish to try automatic writing—in other words, to be to the public what a cook book is to a novice as she stands, ingredients before her, bowl in position and spoon in hand, about to make her first cup-cake.

I know now how to make a most successful cake, but the first time I tried it was a miserable failure. I wanted to throw the whole cook book away. I said it was a fake, unreliable, a veritable 'snare and a delusion.' I had had the best of materials, a keen enthusiasm, and perfect oven conditions. However, what I did find out, upon speaking about it later to 'one who knew,' was that I had not gone about it in the right way.

I had, to be sure, sifted my flour most thoroughly, and I had put it, all flaky and white, into my mixing bowl, and then I had beaten the eggs, and stirred first the yolks and then the whites into the flour until it became a clot of glue-like bubbles; then I had added the milk, hoping to unclot the glue, then the sugar, and after mashing the butter a bit, had stirred that, as much as it would go, into the whole, dusting on top of all the baking powder, and stirring in the vanilla.

My heart went down as I closed the oven door on the lumpy strange-looking pan of batter, but it rose a moment after as I thought "perhaps the oven will even it all up and it will come out to perfection!" When it did come out, alas, although it had a golden crust and a fine perfume of vanilla, it found an early grave among the glowing coals that had baked it, and only the opportune arrival of the friend 'who knew' saved the recipe book from cremation also!

Now this is why I liken my little volume to a recipe book for Spiritual Communications. So many have given us long pages on mediums and conditions, and persuasive messages received, but few have told us just how to go about it. Had my cake recipe only told me how to mix it, success would have been mine. It all looks so simple to me now that I have found the way! And so now do the messages that come from 'the cloud of witnesses' and confirm in every word they say the best in all religions and much in science, telling us intimately many spiritual laws and conditions, assuring us

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of the immortality of our dear ones and of their life in the 'Glorious spheres of God,' as they develop upward and onward in the 'Infinite love of the Heavenly Father.'

One thing, though, above all others must be held in the minds of those who earnestly yearn towards spirit communion. Never for one moment do it with a purpose of levity or idle curiosity. Your results will be leaden or sodden, you will draw to you earth-bound and still evil spirits, no farther advanced than when they went over, mischievous messages will follow, and oft-times actual mental damage to yourselves. Instead, 'make a law,' as 'Bob' calls it.* Say to your soul, I want none but the ones I love or the higher spiritual teachers, then sit as we three sat in our home in far away British Columbia, and help fulfil the prophecy of one of its long ago Judges. 'Then good mediums will be established, and you (too) will be one of the pilots to lead others into the harbour of our life about you and DRIVE OUT SORROW FROM THE WORLD.'

MABEL NIXON ROBERTSON.

* See page 22 of *Thy Son Liveth* (anonymous), Brown, Little, & Co., Boston, Mass., U.S.

INTRODUCTION

The manner in which I take the dictation of the Messages, as nearly as I can elaborate it, is to expect nothing—simply to sit at ease at the table and think of nothing as far as is possible—to look against the darkness of closed eyelids, at the same time that I look against a darkness toward the back of my brain—to resign myself temporarily, as in taking an anæsthetic, to the will and care of another. However, in this case unconsciousness of mind does not follow, although voluntary control of my physical self is practically suspended.

Soon, what appears to be a stray word, or sometimes several, stands out against the grey-blackness of my mind—not spelled in letters. I simply know certain words or meanings are there, at once my hand begins to write (I am generally conscious of its starting, but it is apparently moving without my consent or direction). Other words come crowding in, my hand continues, and from then on, till the pencil drops, I am utterly powerless to write any but the words I receive, and as soon as they are written I cannot recall them. On and on I go, unable to alter, unable to stop, unable to quicken or retard the speed with which it is written. Yet my ears register every sound about me. I can record noises and conversations which have taken place within normal hearing, and while often feeling the atmosphere calm, tragic, uplifting, happy or beautiful, of the apparent super-natural visitor, who is communicating, I can also feel amusement or awe over the strangeness of it all, annoyance or fear, lest through interruption I shall not be able to finish—or a very active interest in what is going on about me: the turnings of the paper beneath my pencil; the whisperings of "my circle," who alas! too often cannot wait till the conclusion of the message, to make out through the darkened light even a few words of what it has to say!

If these messages are the result of imagination, then has not a new component been discovered within its field? An ability to portray accurately and unflinchingly, peculiarities and attributes of personalities heretofore unknown to me—yet they are not only perfectly recognisable to all who have known them, but tell of real facts absolutely unheard of by me, and, in many cases, by any within the room.

If again these messages are deemed the result of subconscious personality, would they not also be deserving of a peculiar interest to the student of that very complex subject? The mere supposition of another self who knew intimately minute characteristics and ways of speech of individuals not known to my conscious self: who recalled events in the lives of people who once had lived on earth, of which also I was entirely ignorant—and who often proved to be not at all the ones hoped for or expected, by my normal self—who again almost frightened me with the preposterousness of entertaining such visitors as Lord Kitchener or Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, or filled me with awe that one named "Gad," of whom I

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knew nothing, and "Gabriel," whom I thought a mere character of religious fiction, should write through me—is not all this difficult to reconcile with such a theory?

It would seem quite possible that contemplation along these lines would become so complex, to the aforesaid student, that he would be brought to a state of mental exhaustion, and finding no logical explanation or confirmation therein, might come nearer one by the conception of spirit communication through thought transference, it appearing quite reasonable and simple beside the other.

I do not yet understand why proper names cannot always be brought into my mind clearly enough for me to be impressed by them. Perhaps if "they" cannot make me catch the name, as it comes to my inner mind, they cannot stop to spell the separate letters; that, after all, they are not imparting words at all, but thought forms which to me, still in the earth life, appear a word or words.

My words between the messages are a straightforward statement of facts, with no attempt at literary effort or of the least unnecessary enlargement. They are absolutely as they occurred, with only enough to make a comprehensive explanation of people, facts and occurrences, spoken of in the communications. Until I read *The New Revelation* I had never attempted to question a table. I have never yet been to a séance of any sort whatever, nor consulted, or met, a paid medium. I was confirmed in the Church of England and brought up according to the orthodox teaching.

Excepting as explained, where they pertained to personal affairs or the changing of several names, when thought expedient, as in the case of the Marquis. Senator, etc., the messages are copied exactly as written, save for the punctuations and words inserted in brackets.

Again, I have never believed in Angels, and so the thought of owning a 'guardian angel' has come as a great surprise to me. However, since the experiences herein recorded, of all those who have written through me, he has become the most real to me—far more actual than any thought or memory of any loved one I have now left beyond the Atlantic, and so I can but say with Sir William Osler :

"What more gracious in life than to think of a guardian spirit, attendant with good influences from the cradle to the grave, or that we are surrounded by an innumerable company from which we are shut off by this muddy vesture of decay? Perhaps they live in the real world and we in the shadowland! Who knows? Perhaps the poet is right :

'I tell you we are fooled by the eye, the ear :
These organs muffle us from that real world
That lies about us ; we are duped by brightness.
The ear, the eye, doth make us deaf and blind.
Else should we be aware of all our dead
Who pass above us,' etc.*

'Stephen Phillips' *Herod*.

“The Other Side God’s Door”

CHAPTER I

After reading *The New Revelation*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, I became interested to see for myself if I, together with my daughter Mab, a child of fifteen, and a young friend who was visiting us named Kathleen, could by ourselves “move a table.” At first, as we sat in the library late one afternoon last autumn, with our hands laid lightly on the top of an old-fashioned pedestal snap-table, I felt very foolish, and we all laughed a bit foolishly, too, during the silence that followed.

With much embarrassment, and feeling my own voice sounded almost strange to me because of this, I said: “Is there anyone here?” I waited a few seconds, and as the table remained motionless I said it again. At once the table moved and tipped toward me.

I said: "Kathleen, did you do that?"

And Kathleen exclaimed: "I certainly did not; I thought you did!"

Mab said: "Well, I didn't move it, I thought one of you two must have."

So I said, somewhat with awe, but with less embarrassment: "Is there still someone there?"

This time the table again moved, tipped up in the air toward me and snapped, almost as with impatience, back again. I continued to ask questions then quite easily, for I no longer felt anything but curiosity and interest. To every question thereafter, the table answered immediately, either by one tipping 'Yes' or by two, in quick succession, 'No.'

I will not go into further detail about the table than to say that for the next several weeks every few afternoons, or evenings, we three would go to the library alone, and with all reverence and seriousness, try to investigate what it all meant. I do want to state a few of the things, though, that we, through the table, discovered, namely: that the force that came oftenest claimed to be my

'guardian angel,' that this force would move the table for Mab and me alone, but if Kathleen and I took it, it moved it more strongly. By a series of questions we found out that my 'guardian angel' claimed to be also Kathleen's 'guardian angel,' that he had lived on earth fully one hundred and twenty years ago, that he was not related to me, but to Kathleen, on her father's side, and claimed to be a youngest son. We asked him to tell us the first letter of the surname of his parents, rapping once for each letter of the alphabet until he reached the first letter of the last name. He rapped clearly four times. Kathleen said she had never heard the name of her great, great, great-grandparents and did not think even her own parents knew. All she knew was that somewhere away back, on her father's side, in the British Isles, there had been a title, but that an ancestor had made a misalliance, marrying a good woman, but 'of the people,' and thus, she thought, it was that her great-great-grandfather had come to Canada and lived and died there.

I then asked the 'guardian angel' if his father had had a title on earth.

He said: "Yes," with the table.

"Was it 'Sir'?"

Two raps.

"Was it 'Count'?"

Again two raps.

"Was it 'Baron'?"

Two raps.

"Was he an 'Earl'?"

Two emphatic raps.

"Well, 'Duke'?" I exclaimed.

And this time the raps were very quick and short, giving us all again the impression of impatience. Suddenly I said: "Was he a 'Marquis'?"

"Yes," in one great jump said the table.

I then suggested that Kathleen telephone her father and see if he knew the name of his great-great-grandfather, and whether he had a title. Her mother answered the 'phone and Kathleen said simply: "Mother, what was the name of Daddy's great-great-grandfather?"

"It was Durat, dear; why do you ask?"

Kathleen, in great excitement, said:

"Mother, who was he; had he a title?"

And her mother replied: "Yes, dear, but

all family records were lost to us, for our ancestor married the woman he loved, who was out of his class, and came to this country.”

“All right, mother, I know about that, but what was his title?”

“He was the son of a Marquis, I think, dear, the Marquis of Durat.”

We were naturally very much astonished, and the next day Kathleen went down to her home in the city (for we lived in a residential section just outside of the town) to see her mother and tell her what we had been doing.

For the next six weeks or so, we continued our “table talks” every few days, and always with a feeling of reverence and honesty of purpose. We began to feel, even behind our doubts and all the prejudices that had been inculcated in us, through stories of fake seances, etc., that here was a real and intelligent force, one that told us of many things that were unknown to us, and of things to come, which later we found came true.

CHAPTER II

One day, early in January, a friend of mine, a contemporary in age, and like myself a mother of several children, telephoned me and asked if I would be at home, as she and her daughter Jean would like to come up and see me. I was delighted, as I had not seen them for several years, for they had been away from the city. That afternoon, in the course of conversation, I told my friend about our new friend 'the table.' It was then that I became interested in automatic writing, for she told me of some friends of hers who found that they could receive messages in that way from what appeared to be intelligences outside of themselves, and she encouraged me to try to do the same. I suggested that we try at once.

It was about four o'clock on a grey January afternoon, and at her suggestion we darkened the room. I asked her to try first, and handed her a pencil and several

large sheets of letter-head paper. She was very shy about doing it, saying that only once had she ever tried before, and that, although her hand did begin to write and continued to cross the paper for a whole sheet, no one could make out even a letter of it afterwards. However, she consented. Mab, Kathleen, Jean, and I put our hands on the table, Mrs W. held the pencil over the paper, and we waited. A few minutes passed. The pencil began to touch the paper about as a writer would stop to dot several ‘i’s.’ Then it stopped. Then it touched the paper and went round and round and round, and just as I thought it would wear the paper out at that particular spot, it started violently across the page, and in a very large hand we found written, when the pencil dropped from Mrs W.’s hand :

“Go to Europe and see your solicitor.”
 There was more writing on the page, but it could not be made out. However, this much was plain.

Upon inquiring of Mrs W. if that meant anything to her, she said only that her mother had died in Eastern Canada a year before

and left much of her money invested in England, and that a solicitor there was acting for her brothers and sisters and self in collecting the income, that she believed him to be honest, but a number of times lately she had wondered if he were clever enough to do the work that was required.

I urged her again to take the pencil, and this time, after much the same jumping and whirling of her hand, she wrote very unevenly, some words an inch above a line and some an inch below, but all were clear :

“There will be a change for you in a short time. Don't worry. We are keeping care of you. Jean will make a change in a few months. When you sit concentrate better and you will have better results. Keep up your circle for the good of humanity. They will be wonderful. Bin, development, we, you, now.”

And with these last disjointed words the pencil dropped from her hand.

During this writing Mrs W. had begun to act very strangely. She breathed very deeply, several times making a little noise

like snoring. Her eyes were tight shut and her head was turned sideways from the table, and several times she raised her pencil and wrote on the air, as one would on a black-board. At the end, upon dropping the pencil, she rubbed and rubbed her eyes and hit her face softly with her hands, then suddenly straightened up and said :

“How strange, I felt I was writing and I couldn’t stop!”

To relieve her, I took the pencil and said I would try. I sat sideways beside the table, first signing my name at the top of the paper, so as to be sure that I had a natural grip on my pencil. I somehow did not want to look at my hand, so turned my face away and thought: “I can’t imagine my hand doing anything involuntarily.” Just as I thought that, I felt the pencil was moving. It began to loop along like writing a series of ‘I’s’; suddenly it spun around in one place, and then in a big swinging hand, writing letters anywhere from half an-inch to two inches in length, it filled two pages before it stopped. I did not know it, but the others told me that I was laughing aloud

during the whole time, till they thought I would go into hysterics. I did not know that I had laughed at all. When we looked at this result we could make nothing out of it, excepting one word, which at a great stretch might have been 'MacEwen,' the name of my nine-year-old son.

I tried again. This time the pencil started off at once, and was apparently so business-like down two whole pages that we all thought there must be great results. The others said that though I laughed nervously all the time I was not so hysterical as before. The letters were enormous, and we could make nothing out of them on the first page, but on the second were a few clear words. "See, mother, now, you, die, don't what." But they conveyed nothing excepting they made me eager to go on, for it looked as though it pertained to my mother and I was mystified. I knew she was with my eldest sister, wintering in Santa Barbara, California, and that she was in her usual health.

I tried again. This time the pencil wandered along for about an inch in tiny,

irregular tracks, then began to write in a hand about as big as the last, and covered two more pages. We could read clearly every word, and I did not even smile during the writing, they told me after it was over. It wrote :

“ You mean (we think it meant must) see that you must go down to your mother before you go away from here (I had been contemplating a trip east in April) and see her. She will need you, and * * * * *
so you, you must go.”

At once I asked the others to let me try again. It did look as though something might be “coming through” at last! And so again I took the pencil. At once it wrote—at first for three words very small, and then larger than ever, with terrific speed till the end, when the pencil stopped abruptly :

“ R (giving my eldest sister's name) is wanting to go many places * * *
* * * and leave your mother, * *
* * * * * and you must take your mother with you. You must

take your mother with you and no mistake. It must be done. You must."

Again I asked the others to let me go on, for by now I was convinced something unknown to me was happening. The pencil wrote at once this time, in the same huge hand and with equal force and haste:

"Talk to her of these things and do not
fear to take her with you, * * * * *
* * * * *

she needs you and loves you, and you must keep her with you and then she will be happy in the end with us. Now do this, child, and some day you will understand."

Then there was what might be a signature—three letters in the first name, which we could not decipher, the last might well be Nixon. I felt that I had done enough, when this was finished, and asked Mrs. W. to write again, and these words followed:

"Birey sends his love. Take care of your health. You are needed for a great work for others. (Then two lines were written one on top of the

other, and we could not disentangle them). Mab a great singer. When writing, keep, we like a change. There will be a little change in this house shortly—the better. We are so glad to come and give you help. Keep a place for us in your home. Good-bye.”

We could not make much of this, and none of us knew “Birey,” so I took the table and inquired for whom the message was. After asking several names of those about the table, I said: “Was it for Kathleen?”

And the table rapped hard ‘Yes.’

I exclaimed: “Is Birey meant for Barry? Tom Barry?”

And the table almost fell over tipping ‘Yes.’

Now, Tom Barry was the fiancé of Kathleen. He had been wounded in action, and died a few hours later at a dressing station in France, on the second of last October. Mrs W. had not heard of this, nor did she know his name. I asked Mrs W. to try again. She did, and below is the next message, written clearly in quite a

different style; evidently it was no longer from 'Tom' or meant for Kathleen:

"We are trying to help you in your development. In a little while we will write some poetry for Mab to sing. 'Twilight' will be the title. Jean is a strong writing medium undeveloped. You are a clairaudient, my daughter. I am pleased to come to you (and just here, in writing very much like Mab's father's, was the name 'Nixon'—his name. He had died four months before she was born). Roses are your flowers. Wear them or have them near you. Everyone has their aura. Purple is Mabel's, yellow is Kathleen's. The medium need not worry over money, she will have enough."

and the pencil stopped.

After reading this we asked the table if anyone else wanted to write through us. It tapped 'Yes' and again 'Yes,' when we asked should Mrs W. go on. The next came without any hesitation, and was the clearest and best written we had had. It began:

“ Your change is only for a short time. When the sun is slowly setting and quiet reigns supreme, into your homes we quickly come, bringing peace to you and help.”

“ A Friend.”

It was six o’clock by this time and dark outside, so Mrs W. and her daughter felt they must start home, but that night, about nine o’clock, I said to Mab and Kathleen : “ Let us see what we can do without Mrs W. I wonder if we could write by ourselves.”

We turned out the lights, only allowing the ones in the hall to come through the open door, and I took the pencil. The same great swinging handwriting began almost at once, and this was the message :

“ You make a great mistake by not doing more of this, as there are not many who are as earnest in life and everything as you are. Go on and on. (Here there were three words we could not make out.) Things will develop, and will do a great work in the world. Do not be afraid, it will all be for the best. The world

is awakening to the beauty and nearness of ourselves and the great reality of this great and superb life here. That is right, dear, fear not. Go on and on."

That was all we did that night. We felt mystified, and just read and re-read the message and discussed it until bedtime. Somehow we felt an awe that precluded all desire to continue that evening. It was several nights later before we found ourselves alone together and decided to try again, and this more lengthy message came through. The first few words, being entirely personal, are omitted:—

" God is ever with those who constantly commune with Him, and you are constantly doing this and drawing on His love and longing to be shown His way, THEREFORE YOU CANNOT BE LOST FROM HIS CONSCIOUSNESS, NOR CAN HE LOSE YOU. It is a spiritual law, this, a law as sure as the ones you know of gravity or mathematics. Never doubt it. Look into your past and see the divine

guidance there. ‘The future is as sure as ever was your past.’”

I asked the table from whom this message came and discovered that it was from the one who claimed to be my ‘guardian angel.’ I asked if he wished to write more, and the table rapped slowly ‘Yes.’ The second message was entirely personal, therefore it is omitted.

I thought this must be all, but upon questioning the table, found that the same one who had controlled it wished to write again, and this message followed; one, we felt that must have been meant for a young man who had been dining with us, and who after dinner had had a long talk with me about perplexing things, during which I had done my best to counsel him.

“There is a great loneliness in this man’s soul. It must be got out through tenderness and love and noble things, and not through harshness. He is tremendously shaken by all you said to him, and happy, and life has taken on a new aspect to him, but he must be followed by more such

talks. You did right to feel he needed you, and to have the courage to talk to him, as you did, about haste in matrimony. He will be saved much by this, but he needs affection and you have the right sort. He sees the love of a mother in you, an example of wifeness, and it helps to make him know his higher self. Go right on, never be afraid to speak out 'good' from your soul, or to speak plainly and straight from your soul. God will show you as your desire draws on Him, how to put it beautifully before young people—the way He meant life. It will sink into their souls and blossom later in His world in beautiful deeds. There is more, much more, I would say, but not too much at a time. You are young in this, and there is much ahead, and in it more will come as you grow stronger. That is all to-night, dear child.

Your Durat."

CHAPTER III

One day, about a week later, a friend of mine, many years my senior, who, since the death of her beloved younger son eight years ago, has developed great spiritual powers, telephoned me that she had in her possession a new book, just out, called *Thy Son Liveth*. It belonged to a friend of hers, but if I would read it aloud, she would come up, and afterwards, should we feel like it, we might try a little automatic writing. I had telephoned her a few days before about my hand writing in this manner.

We made an engagement for the next afternoon, and at the appointed time sat down to read. 'The Colonel's wife,' Kathleen, Mab, and myself. It was six o'clock before we finished the book, so we all decided to have dinner together and afterwards try the writing. By 8.30 we started, first asking the table the usual questions, and finding at once the most perfect and strongest response we had ever felt from it.

All insisted, even the table, that I should do the writing. And with no light, excepting the steady glow from the open fireplace in the room, the pencil started. The table had first claimed to be controlled by my 'guardian angel.' I was very much in hopes it was to bring me a message from my mother, for two mornings after receiving the communication urging me to go to her, I had had a wire from my sister R. in Santa Barbara, telling me to come at once, as my mother had been taken suddenly ill, and she, my sister, was in great anxiety. I wired I would leave that night, but at three o'clock that afternoon another wire came saying an unexpected change had come and my mother was out of danger for the time being. Since that time, although she seemed convalescing, I had been anxious and longed for news from her. Instead, this is what was written, firmly and rather slowly, but with such intensity that I was conscious of it all through the writing :

"Where Tom is, all is beautiful, and it is best for him that he is there. Where you are is right for you to be, and

there you must live, never yearning for him, for that weakens your ability to live your best on earth. Stay where you are in spirit, as well as body, and work and enjoy, and the best that is in you will come forth, otherwise you will lose your chance in this earth life, and so must carry regret through all eternity. Now, be glad and bright. Don't forget Tom, just don't yearn and wonder. Live more for the present and not dream and live ahead."

After reading this message we asked the table if I had written it to its satisfaction, and it said 'Yes.'

"Was the message meant for Kathleen?"
'Yes.'

I asked if there were anyone else who wished to communicate.

It rapped 'Yes.'

I asked if the same spirit, my 'guardian angel,' would do so.

It rapped 'No.'

I asked if 'Tom Barry' were there. (The table had rapped 'Yes' upon being ques-

tioned if that last message meant Tom Barry, when it spoke of "Tom").

'Yes,' rapped the table.

"Would he like to communicate directly with Kathleen?" I continued, and it rapped 'Yes.'

Soon a message began to flow smoothly and evenly from my pencil. Toward the end of the first page it grew faster, till by the middle of the second page I could scarcely write it down. By the end of the third, I realised that I was feeling overwhelmed by the strain of taking all that was pouring into me and out of my fingers. Suddenly I felt as if everything were collapsing, and I just finished the last word 'Tom' as my arm fell limply at my side. This was the message, word for word :

"There is a beauty here beyond your wildest dreams. Great, many-coloured mountains and rushing streams, and fields of waving green, wandering away towards sunsets and sunrises. There are homes of marvellous harmony, and little children and birds that sing as never earth birds sang,

and voices singing as they move, for movement here of souls means harmonic sounds, and all through is a rapture pure and clear, such as you only catch glimpses of on earth. You will come into it all in time, and I who never would have satisfied you on earth, will be more worthy of you here. I do not yet know myself if we were soul-mates. These things are not divulged to us at once, but in the meantime you must tread the earth life firmly, ‘K,’ and if you and I are meant for each other, in time we will know it—but only in time—I say time, so you will know I mean as we develop. If not, then God will guide you to the one he means for you, for no half is perfect. It takes a whole. When spiritual marriage takes place here or on earth, then only is perfection, and you and I only want perfection. That only God can arrange. Now it is dwindling off. I’ll write again. She tires.

Tom.”

My hand and arm were so tired after this that I felt I could not do any more writing that night, for the limpness felt more like the paralyzing limpness one feels after carrying a heavy bundle.

We asked the table if it were satisfied with the result of the communication, and it fairly jumped about in answering 'Yes.' Then 'the Colonel's wife' asked if her son 'Dean' were still there. (The table had claimed an earlier control by him, even pushing over to her and tipping into her lap till it could scarcely straighten up again.) The table tipped 'Yes.'

I asked: "Do you know Tom Barry?"

'Yes,' came the answer, and by degrees we found they had met on the other side for the first time, and formed a great friendship, and that 'Dean' remembered Kathleen when she was a little girl going to school, although she has no recollection of him.

Dean, through the table, insisted that I write again. I begged off, and his mother playfully scolded that I was tired and that he must not ask, and then I gave in, for I realised the numbness was rapidly decreas-

ing. Below is his message, exactly as it flowed from my pencil :

“ Mother, you are very beautiful in your spiritual body. That is the real (here it hesitated, wrote a “b,” scrawled it over, and wrote ‘you’) you I love. Do not bother about anything. It is all right, and it will all be made *understandable* to you here. All that you suffer brings beautiful colours and vibrations to your dear self, till, when you ‘cross the border,’ many will wonder that you can, at once, be so lovely to look at. Some of the colours about you are only won by spirits who have been long ages ‘across the border,’ not only of here (I think that ‘of’ is not meant), but the next and the next grades of experience. Oh, I am so proud of you, but I must hurry and tell you of Mary’s boy. He is sad at times. I will find out what it is. I cannot make it out just yet, but I will make it a special duty, and somehow I feel that you on earth, and I up here, can

finally lift the load from this little fellow’s heart. Don’t worry. Send him good, only happy thoughts. I think it is more love he needs, more love straight to him. Mother-love from your beautiful heart and soul, my mother dear, my (it might be parent) parent I love so dearly. Good-night, good-night, my mother.”

The last few lines were very blurred because they were written one on top of the other. We thought we had surely finished when this was written and read, and were greatly surprised when, upon Dean’s mother saying: “Now, Dean, we must say good-night. This is all, Laddie, isn’t it?” the table gave two emphatic raps ‘No.’ Then followed a little altercation between Dean and his mother—the table fairly bouncing around, as though in merry indignation, at the thought of our ceasing. Finally his mother said:

“Well, just one more message, and can’t you do something to refresh Mrs Robertson. She is tired now, and it is eleven o’clock.”

The table rapped ‘Yes,’ and a moment

after I was in position, and the following words fairly danced from my pencil. I had a distinct feeling of merriment come over me as the words came, and I felt suddenly happy and light-spirited, and all fatigue went out of me. This was the strange and humorous letter, written to Kathleen apparently :

“ It isn’t often that I care to write a letter to a young lady, but I just feel I would like to, to you—for you are a sweet thing, and so in earnest, and you see I know ‘Tom’ now, and we are great friends, and in this way I can know you better, or pretend to myself I do, and then I can tease Tom about his sweetheart and it will do him good, and I’ll tell him he is not the only one who can write to you, ‘across the veil between.’ Now this is just for fun. I really couldn’t help it. I am so happy to-night, and have felt so near to mother, my own dear mother, whom I get so hungry for. Good-night, Kathleen. Now I’ll go and crow over ‘Mr Tom.’ So! Dean.”

After this his mother made him say good-night to each one separately by laughingly speaking to him as though he were a little boy.

"Now bow to each one of us and say good-night, Laddie, like a good boy."

And the table moved toward me and bowed until it almost fell over, and did the same to Kathleen and Mab, and then with two short raps like 'Good!' 'Night!' was quiet.

Kathleen rose to call a taxi to take 'the Colonel's wife' home, and while she was telephoning the table creaked and crackled, and I said: "Does someone *else* wish to send a message?"

It said: 'Yes.'

I said: "Tip toward the one to whom you wish to speak."

It tipped toward me.

"Very well," I said, and taking up my pencil, got into position to write. At once, without hesitation, and clearly, it wrote:

"Mab is to have a career. I want you to see that this career is put before all social claims or charity work you

are interested in. Now, Mabel, you must see that the child gets the best in every way to develop her voice. It is important that all art possible be forwarded on earth, and Mab has the instrument and ability to sing and sing purely and highly, and raise the thoughts of audiences. Must be a first consideration with you. I want to talk again when you are fresher—and soon— That’s all.

“Jim.”

CHAPTER IV.

The day after all this happened, a Mrs C. was sewing at my house, and she asked me if I would try to get a message through to her from one of her dear ones on 'the other side.' A little over a year before she had lost an invalid sister, and her first husband, whom she had married in her extreme youth, also had 'passed over' more than four years ago. Last summer she had married again, a man whom she loves apparently just as devotedly, with all the fullness of a more mature love, perhaps.

The table, upon being questioned that afternoon, moved, but not very strongly. I asked if it were the spirit of her sister.

It said: 'Yes.'

I said: "Can you get someone to help you?"

It said 'Yes.'

Immediately it grew stronger, and I said, thinking I was addressing the sister, "Now, can you give me a message in writing that will recall something in the physical world,

of which you were a part, that Mrs C. can remember? I want this for a test. Will you try to do this for us?”

Again the table rapped ‘Yes.’

This was what my hand wrote :

“ In Boston there was a certain tree we both used to admire. Do you remember it? It was very lovely, and I have often thought of it. Can you recall what I mean?”

This was followed by some markings that looked like two initials and a name of four letters. After reading it I asked Mrs C. if she could make out the markings. She said her sister’s name was Mary, could it be that? But not by the wildest imagination could we make it out as that. Besides, what were the two preceding letters? Suddenly we saw that the second letter was a clear ‘B,’ only on its side, and the last four letters were ‘Dory,’ and Mrs C. exclaimed : ‘S. B. Dory,’ for that was her first husband’s name. We had expected a message from her sister. and so had never dreamed of her husband sending one. I asked Mrs C. if she could recall any tree in Boston (for she and her husband

had lived there for several years just after they were married) which had any special associations or beauty that they both often admired. She said that she could not do so off-hand. That Mr Dory was a true lover of nature, but that she would try to think over her past life with him, and see if before the next day she could remember any such tree.

I then asked the table if the communication were from Mrs C.'s sister. It gave two raps.

"Was it from her former husband, Mr Dory?"

'Yes,' rapped the table.

"Did I get the message clearly?"

A decided rap.

"Have you anything else you wish to say to Mrs C.?"

'Yes,' came the answer; so I tried again, and this time, equally clearly, came the following words:—

"It is almost impossible to speak clearly of such things; they are small things with us here. (Just here were two marks, like two initials, exactly like the two preceding the word of

four letters that looked like Dory, in the previous message). I would rather tell you of the wonder of the life *here* (underscored twice). After I left you, I thought I could never get adjusted to this, but as you grew brighter I grew happier, and as you stay happy I stay happy, for I know you are happy now, and so am I, and will be more so all the time, since the day you made the change. It was the only thing I cared about, that you should get happy, and then I could go about my Master’s business here, and happiness would return in perfect peace to me. It has. I am happy all day, all night. It is glorious!”

And again were written exactly the same two marks like initials, the first a doubtful ‘S,’ although Mrs C. assured me her husband always made an ‘S’ like that, and the beginning of the ‘B,’ which could easily be seen. The rest of it went off the page and on to the table, wrote what might have been a word, and stopped.

Before I even read this message Mrs C. suddenly said :

"I remember one tree on our place, just outside of Boston, it is inside of the city now. It was a beautiful big oak tree, and grew on the edge of a sort of bluff; the ground fell away to a boulevard below, and every night after our evening meal Mr Dory used to insist that I go there with him, while he smoked and we watched the lights of the vehicles below. He, in fact, put a bench beneath it, and at home I have a snap-shot that he took of me sitting there one Sunday afternoon, with my English bulldog beside me. I have the photograph yet in a trunk, and I will bring it to you to-morrow. Do you think he means this?"

I asked if she could think of any other tree that had equally pleased them both.

She said: "No, I cannot, and what is more, we never again had such a pretty home. We were very comfortable financially, and both devoted to each other, and hadn't a worry in the world. Never again were we free from worry, for we came West shortly after and never did as well again."

The next day she brought me the photograph, and there on the bench, with her dog

beside her, and a great oak tree spreading its branches over her, she sat, a bride in her early twenties. Her husband had taken the photograph and had kept it until he died.

With tears in her eyes, she then told me how he had died during an operation. He had had one or two similar ones before, and had come through safely, and so his death was an even greater shock than otherwise, for she had felt so confident he would recover this time, as before. In fact, the suddenness of it seemed to make her feel, for the first time in her life, resentful toward God, and she refused all spiritual consolation, going alone constantly to the cemetery, and weeping in utmost hopelessness and grief beside his grave. Time softened the grief somewhat, but her love for her ‘ first love ’ refused to be comforted. Two years later a very good and lovable man grew to love her and asked her to marry him. Although he was so acceptable to her in every way, and she could not bear to give him up, she somehow could not bring herself to marry another, because always the old love and the yearning and grief, seemed to stand between. Two

more years passed, and loneliness and the tussle with the world, trying to make her own living sewing, added to the devoted admiration and friendship she had for the man who had laid his life at her feet to do with as she pleased, combined to make her marry him.

From the day of her marriage she had been perfectly at peace, satisfied that she had done right, and a feeling came at once that all was well, and in a different, a more mature and deeper way, she is equally happy with the partner of her later youth.

Last August was the day she 'made the change,' and although she did not forget the love of her younger days she *did* cease to grieve and yearn for him. How strange, if by this, she liberated him to go about his 'Master's business,' in the glorious life the message tells us of!

CHAPTER V

Five days after this message found 'the Colonel's wife,' Mab, Kathleen, and myself again about the table in the library. The Saturday before, by telephone, we had agreed to try and keep every Wednesday afternoon free for such communications. 'The Colonel's wife' had expressed a wish at our last meeting together, to hear again from her son, so we all rather expected that if there were anything in desire being heard in the other world, 'Dean' would come.

We began as usual, asking the table if anyone were there. The response was immediate.

I asked: "Is that you, Dean?"

Two raps followed.

I asked: "To whom do you wish to speak," and it tipped over, away over, almost into Mab's lap. I asked: "Is that Mab's 'guardian angel,' her father?" (for such, from our earliest beginnings, he had claimed to be, also informing us that in order to become a guardian angel to a spirit just born

in the earth-life, the soul of the guardian angel must have been in the next experience, before the child is born into this. This we had found out by closely questioning the table.)

The message which then came through was written by my hand quietly, not very rapidly, but with unusual earnestness, so those who were watching testified. When I finished I was suddenly conscious that I felt terribly hot, as though in a burning fever. My hands were dry and feverish, and my face was tingling. As the light was snapped on, I caught the hand of 'the Colonel's wife' and exclaimed: "Feel my cheeks!" and they all remarked upon their great heat and brilliant colour. It was the first time a message had ever had a physical effect upon me, excepting once in a while, after a message that required great speed, perhaps my arms had felt tired or numb, as I mentioned before.

Below is the message, not addressed to Mab, as we naturally expected, but through me to her:

"What a thought it would be to Mab if she can live her whole life through,

learning to acquaint herself with our life, in connection with your life, studying to sing there that she may sing here, for only the spiritual sing here; song belongs only to the pure, and noble, and high-minded here, for the human instrument dies with the body unless, like Mab, they have the great soul to perpetuate it here. Many a poor soul grieves through all eternity because of his or her lost voice, because through a life of dissipation and bestiality, they have forfeited the right to it here. Now, come later, rest, and I will try to tell more to Mab.

Her Father.”

After reading this we sat for some moments discussing it, for it contained thoughts which were entirely new to us. Slowly the sensation of fever faded from me and I became my usual comfortably warm self.

We verified the message by asking the table if it had come through clearly and satisfactorily, and found that it had. I

asked if it wished to send any further messages and it said: 'No.'

"Is there any other spirit who wishes to do so?" I continued.

'Yes.'

"Please tip toward the person with whom you wish to communicate."

It tipped toward Kathleen.

I asked if it were her guardian angel?

'No.'

"Is it Tom Barry?"

'Yes.'

"Very well, Tom," I said, "I will get ready."

And when the light was out and I in position, it wrote clearly and steadily, and much more rapidly than the last message:

"Tom Barry is not the Tom Barry you used to know. He is many times more alive and hopeful, and full of promise of things he never dreamed of on earth. He no longer suppresses the lovely things God puts in each of us—the demonstration of human affection which is really the first development of spiritual affection—an affection no more like human

affection, when it is understood here, than a guttering candle is like the steady light of the Röntgen rays. This is what I have had to learn—how false our British traditions of a nicety of affection are, a restriction of that which should bubble straight from our hearts in tiny jets, as it bubbles in utmost freedom, in glorious gushings, from the heart of God, and drips or flows or rushes, according to our ability to hold it, to each and every one who draws upon Him with our souls! Each day I learn to open out my soul-wings, for that is what wings are here, Kathleen, till I feel like earth-roses must, that there are forever more and more petals, before I reach my heart! So, dear, more than ever I realise your sweet girl soul and long for you to see how changed I am, since I came over—tired and earthly and asleep to all this—and how I would have remained, if God had not transplanted me early as He did. I feel so happy to be able to tell a few of the great thoughts surging in me. Tom. I’m Tom.”

As usual, after reading the message over, we asked the table if the sender were still there, and it said he was.

"Does he wish to say anything further?"

'No,' rapped twice the table.

"Is there anyone else who wishes to communicate?" I asked.

'Yes,' rapped the table.

"Is it someone we know?"

'No,' was the response.

Just then 'the Colonel wife' exclaimed: "One moment, I want to see if we can get a message through for a friend of mine, from a man whom she knew several years before she was married to her present husband. He was killed two years ago upon the battle-field. He was most congenial in every way to her, and she should have married him, instead of the man she did. His name was 'Marius'."

Naturally I was astonished and not a little incredulous, after asking the table if the spirit wishing to speak with us were 'Marius,' that so he claimed to be, and at this the following message came through without hesitation, and with much force:

“ In the great bubble of the universe, for that is how it appears to you, are many warring factions, not just warring with guns and cannon and things that go to make up battles, but the terrible clashings of human emotions, greed and hatred and lust and misery, all the off-spring of Selfishness, and Selfishness is the off-spring of Ignorance. Now, when more (in) the human experience become conscious of their unknown perceptions, then Ignorance will become Knowledge. Knowledge will melt away Selfishness, (Un) selfishness will melt away Lust and Greed and Hatred. Therefore the great thing to-day is to get to the souls of people this great truth, FOR AS THINGS ARE NOW THERE IS NO HOPE FOR WORLD HARMONY UNTIL THE ‘ CLOUD OF WITNESSES ’ IS PROVEN ON EARTH, and men like Lloyd George and Wilson, and even Ebert and Lenine (I could mention endless other ones, like Cordonio in Italy and Boshano in Roumania), get the actual

knowledge of the FACT (the word 'fact' was underscored deeply six times) into their hearts, can the end of all this world-war come."

When we had read this and I had commented on the fact that although I knew the names of Lloyd George, Wilson, Ebert, and Lenine well, I had never heard of the Italian or Roumanian spoken of by "Marius." Since, upon investigation, I have heard of Cadorna of Italy, as one of her most prominent leaders, and also of Bratiano of Roumania. Could it be that these two were meant, but I, being entirely ignorant of their names, never having heard them or seen them in print that I could remember, could only come that near to them in their transmission from the dictation of "Marius'" mind to mine? (A like difficulty may be read in the message of a man trying to make himself known to me on page 95). 'The Colonel's wife' then said: "Now, if you are 'Marius,' tell us, through Mrs Robertson's writing, what is written on the inside of this piece of paper. Can you do this?" and she threw upon the table a small folded paper pinned together with a common pin.

I must confess my astonishment when the table rapped a decided ‘Yes.’

Now, this piece of paper had been written on alone, in her own house, by this same friend of ‘the Colonel’s wife,’ and pinned tightly together and put into the hand-bag of ‘the Colonel’s wife’ as she left for my house that afternoon.* None of us but ‘the Colonel’s wife’ knew the sender, and there was not any way or clue by which we could find out what was written within it..

As I resumed my position at the table, I did so with an absolute conviction in my own mind that ‘Marius’ would fail to write through me the word or words within.

I was more convinced as possibly two minutes passed and my hand did not begin to move, but as I sat with closed eyelids I did notice what seemed at first to be a faint, round spot of light against the blackness one always sees when one closes their eyes. It somewhat fascinated me, and I thought: “No, that is not a light; it is something a clear, distinct, tanny grey. It seems to have fuzzy edges, and is rounded at one end and more pointed at another. Oh, it must be a

* Upon leaving ‘the Colonel’s wife,’ Mrs M. went at once to a Bridge whist party, where she played cards assiduously until dark.

pussy-willow! Why, so it is, clearly a pussy-willow!" And just as I thought that, on to my mind came the impression of a letter S. I thought: "What nonsense! I suppose it will write 'Sweetheart' or something commonplace!" And then I felt my hand write quickly five or six letters, then write violently something I could not make out, but felt my pencil spin around and then stop—and the power was gone.

I was quite indignant when the light went on, for somehow I felt the whole thing was foolish. The message, when read, I found was apropos of nothing, was not like anything we had had before, and in quite a different style—more suggestive of world problems than the higher spiritual which had been coming through to us. I said I could get nothing, and described the light that was not a light, as I looked at it, but a single, silly pussy-willow bud!—a catkin of all things! And I also told about the 'S' that I would *not* write, for I felt it must be 'Sweetheart,' and although my hand started to move I put it right out of my mind. However, it went on writing and wrote what looked like 'Coulter.'

‘The Colonel’s wife’ exclaimed: “Well, there’s nothing in all that, nor in that scribbling beside it. That is what we get for letting others come into our circle! I shall never do it again!”

I said: “Take the message with you! I don’t want it. I wish I hadn’t done it! I knew before I started, it couldn’t be done.”

So ‘the Colonel’s wife’ did not unpin the paper, but said she would return it and the message to her friend.

Upon reaching home she telephoned her, saying: “Well, we had no results whatever! A rather fine sort of a world message came through, and just after, when I threw your bit of paper on the table, Mrs Robertson saw a thing that looked at first like a light when she closed her eyes, but which in a few seconds proved to be a single pussy-willow bud.”

“A what? A pussy-willow?” came her friend’s voice back over the telephone.

“Yes,” said ‘the Colonel’s wife,’ “and her hand wanted to write ‘S,’ but she tried not to let it, for she thought her own mind was influenced by the fact of Marius’ affection

for you, and was afraid it meant 'Sweetheart,' so she put it out of her thoughts, and then her hand forced her to write five other letters, a 'C,' an 'O,' a 'U,' or a 'W,' you could not tell which, an 'L,' and an 'E,' and a final wiggle which might be a small 'R'."

You may imagine the surprise of 'the Colonel's wife' when her friend's voice came back vibrating with excitement.

"If Mrs Robertson didn't get any more than the pussy-willow, that is all I need! Inside the paper you will find written the words, 'Fairy Godmother'—the meaning of pussy-willow. That was *his* name always for me, that and 'Mélisande'; I wrote the two in the centre of the paper. 'Mélisande' above and 'Fairy Godmother' below, hoping to get one or the other, and he chose 'Pussy-willow.' How strange, how glorious!" And after making an engagement to see the message next day, she closed the 'phone.

Imagine her surprise, after reading the message and finding it not only to be most characteristic of 'Marius' in style and theme, but to see that the letters written below could easily be COULER, and had I put the 'S'

before the ‘ C ’ it would have spelled Scouler, her maiden name, and of which we were all ignorant.

Also there was a distinct capital ‘ M ’ with a circle beneath it, which Mrs M. claimed was a way ‘ Marius ’ had of writing ‘ Mélisande.’ The circle meaning the pool in the song ‘ Mélisande,’ which had been the cause of ‘ Marius ’ calling her ‘ Mélisande,’ while in the centre of a lot of whirling marks was the name ‘ Marius ’ distinctly written.

CHAPTER VI

On Monday night, February 17th, I proposed to Mab and Kathleen that we should again try the table. All the afternoon I had felt a desire to do so. An impelling sort of feeling that someone wanted to get a message through, and as we were alone I thought I should like to see.

The moment my hand touched the paper it began to write these words. It was a message of force, and came steadily and unhesitatingly from my hand, although one of considerable length. We had been unable to find out from the table the personality controlling it, and I had not the slightest idea whom it might be :

“ ‘Angel-wings’ is not a foolish term here. It is one that is perfectly justified here, for it is on our thoughts we soar, rising ever higher. Now, what Mrs. S. (mentioning the name of the Colonel’s wife) told you of Dean is true. He is soaring on and on, but never losing his sympathy with those in lower development, for to do that

would be to admit selfishness, and then his wings would break, and he would come down to a lower plane and have to try all over to perfect himself in the art of soul-flight. That may seem a strange term ‘the art,’ but it is an art with us, and ranks with the arts you claim to know on earth. Only great effort and natural beauty of soul can make great flights. Dean is a great soul now, and without this greatness he could never have borne his mother upward too, through all her sorrows, after he went. He carries her always in his great wings, as you see the babes carried in the wings of angels, pictured by great earth-artists. And so when his mother passes over, Dean will have made the road already easy for her, and combined with what she has done on earth there are no heights she cannot reach! I am a relative of Mab’s on her father’s side. I have met you, but doubt if you would recall me. Francis Jonson. Do you? I think I see on your mind you do.

‘Uncle Frank’.”

My surprise upon receiving this information was inexpressible. Francis Jonson! Senator Francis Jonson! I had not thought of him but once in fourteen years, and that was when I had heard, through a letter, of his death ten years ago. I doubt if I had seen him more than four or five times in my life, and then only for a moment, for when I was in New Orleans where he lived, I was in intensest grief and loneliness for the young husband I had lost, and always retired to my room as speedily as possible when any of my 'in-laws' came to see my husband's mother, with whom I was staying.

I could only just recall Senator Jonson ('Uncle Frank,' as I was told to call him, for he was my husband's great uncle on his mother's side) as a quiet, rather retiring man of about seventy. I remember that he had iron grey hair and a wife who was very handsome, but I doubt had it not been for the above message, and I lived to be one thousand years old, if I should ever have thought of him again. I at once asked him, through the table, if he knew Dean S., where he was now.

‘Yes,’ said the table, and then swayed violently from side to side several times.

“Does he know that you are sending his mother a message?”

‘Yes.’

“Is Dean there?”

‘No.’

“Has he gone on further?”

‘Yes.’

“Did he wish you to send the message to his mother before he left?”

‘Yes,’ tipped the table.

“Does Mrs S. get impressions from Dean and others in the spirit world?”

‘Yes.’

“Are they generally pretty accurate?”

‘Yes.’

I was glad to hear this, for it had been a most difficult thing for me to accept fully a number of impressions that Mrs S. had told me she had had from others in the spirit world, as I am fully aware of the power of imagination, so often misleading in this world, and feared her own longings might unconsciously influence them.

I then asked if the Senator wished to say

anything further, and upon his rapping 'No,' I wished him good-night.

Almost at once the table began to creak, and I asked if another spirit were there, and something about the way the table rapped, tersely and clearly, made me say: "Is that Tom Barry?"

'Yes,' it swung back at me. I had thought so, for when 'Tom' was there we usually recognised his 'style' with the table.

I said: "I felt you wanted to write through me, Tom. Is it a message for Kathleen?"

'Yes,' almost buoyantly replied the table, and in a few seconds the following words were flying rapidly and without a moment's hesitation from my pencil:

"When Kathleen undresses at night she begins to think of me. She closes me into her thoughts as she sleeps, and this is not good for her, nor for me. Let her instead close God into her thoughts, just God, and feel that in Him we shall meet, for always when she falls asleep I stop whatever I am doing, and I, too, close God under my thoughts, and so literally

we [shall] meet in God. It is wonderful how sentimental we are here, sentimental over God. Everything revolves around Him. We do our work in His name, we love earthward in His name. We play with little children in His name, we bring hope to the sorrowing in His name, and we, in agony to ourselves, try to right wrong souls in His name. Like sentimental earth-lovers, we sentimentalize over God. There is no end to the various kinds of love we grow to know toward God. This is a whimsical one of the many. Tell Kathleen not to sentimentalize about me. She will do better to think of me when the sun is bright and the grass is green, and she is fully alive on the earth-plane, otherwise she cannot be as strong for what is ahead of her. I love to write to her and feed her sweet thoughts, fragments of the great thoughts that are now mine to live. Tell her I do not yet know anything certain about the future

here, as regards our earth love, whether it is to be perpetuated, but I do know that her soul is whiter than God's white truth, and is beautiful in every way to me. Give her half of my heart-love, and tell her I will come again. Tom."

"I said heart-love, which means love as I so far understand it. I do not yet know what soul-love is. That is much higher."

This apparent postscript was written immediately after the signing of the name "Tom," before the control withdrew at all from the pencil. However, the characteristic force in the table continued, so I asked if it were still Tom.

'Yes,' came the answer.

"Do you wish to write more to Kathleen?" I asked.

'No.'

"To your mother?"

'No.'

"To me?" I said, with a laugh.

'Yes,' came the answer. I was surprised. What could 'Tom' wish to say to me! The following was his answer:

“ There is a great difference between what you think of Mr X. and what he is. (There was nothing too bad that I did not think of this man, for to me he was a man of deceit and conceit. His self-satisfaction exceeded anything that I had ever believed possible in a human being, and his hardness of heart and ruthlessness to all in opposition to him, or in any way an enemy to him, was terrible to behold. I must confess it was with relief that the next word showed I was not, after all, very wrong in my estimation of him, for I could not believe him otherwise.) He is lacking in soul, but you must not judge him alone for that. His life has been all that is deceitful and horrible, but in the end, before he leaves this world, he will be sorry, oh, so sorry! All that he has done, and all his lost opportunities, will come like little demons to prick his soul alive, for when his soul begins to live his body will die. Then it will be the real retribution will be enacted.

For Y. will be the spirit who, with beautiful pity, will bend over him and guide him into the Life of God. At first X. will rebel, for it will be hardest of all to take this from Y., whom now he hates because of the inherent honesty and purity of Y.'s soul, but it will have to be, and because he worked against it in life, he will have to submit and take it from Y. here, till he is forced to *love* Y. Love him before us all here Hard souls are the most difficult to save, and can only be so by one as true and noble as Y. No one can hurt Y., but Y. can help many. It will not last long. You will forget it all soon. You will be glad some day to have given of yourself even this much worry, and feel that through it you have brought a soul *alive* into this life—alive and in agony at what he had tried to do to Y. He will not succeed. God, and many who care for Y., are peeping through your veil, knowing all is well with him, knowing

that he can walk alone, for his soul is strong before his time, strong and bright, and cannot be tarnished by anything on earth. Do I make it clear to you? Oh, if I only can!
Tom.”

That was all we did that night. It seemed we had had so much to think about and discuss that our ‘pitcher was too full to receive more,’ and almost solemnly we said good-night and went to our rooms.

Also I remembered that by a ‘phone request of ‘the Colonel’s wife’ I had promised to go to her house on Tuesday afternoon, February 18th, and meet Mrs M., the one who had had the message from ‘Marius.’ She was very anxious to meet me and see for herself what I, who received so mysteriously, and to her a thoroughly-characteristic writing from ‘Marius,’ could be like, and I did not want to be overdone in this sort of thing, for being a novice at it I did not know how far I, or anyone, could push it.

CHAPTER VII

When I reached the house I learned, for the first time, that what 'the Colonel's wife' had told me of there being a sentimental attachment between Mrs M. and 'Marius' was not true. They had arranged this so that if there should be any influence on my own mind, any *fake*, although they knew I would be the last one to *knowingly* fake, they could prove it.

'Marius' had known Mrs M. for only about two years, when he was living in Liverpool, England, several years before she was married to Mr M. They had enjoyed the frankest friendship only, both being clever and intensely interested in world problems—politics, mental and moral uplift of the masses, and the ultimate settlement of their conflicting differences with the classes.

They had both loved the song 'Mélisande,' and because of this 'Marius' had called Mrs M. by that name, and also 'Fairy Godmother,' but only in an affectionate, friendly way, for through her friendship she

had been able to help him over several, to him, insurmountable difficulties, and so he in playful gratitude gave her that sobriquet. The Pussy-willow thus always had this association to them both, as its meaning in flower-talk, ‘Marius’ told her, was ‘Fairy Godmother,’ and when he wrote to her, as I mentioned before, he often addressed her as ‘M.’ and drew a circle under it, which to them meant ‘Mélisande’ over ‘the pool’!

‘The Colonel’s wife’ produced an oblong, heavy oak table, with stout legs at each corner, and braced solidly at the bottom with a flat board attached to the legs. It was impossible to move this without one of us clasping one side of it and lifting it. We all sat for some time before it moved, and then it only dragged sideways a few inches, but we could hear it creaking and creaking, and both ‘the Colonel’s wife’ and I kept saying, encouragingly: “That’s right, go on, we feel you are there.” Finally it raised itself on two legs about two inches, and after that we did not have any further difficulty.

It soon indicated, in the usual way, that it wanted to write, and we found out that it

claimed to be Senator Jonson again, and wished to send a message from Dean to his mother. We also, by asking, found out that the reason for this was that Dean had recently gone higher in development, and, fearing he might be no longer able to communicate with his mother from that plane, had requested Senator Jonson to tell his mother of this and give her the message she would now receive from him; also, that in the future the Senator would relay any other messages he wanted to send from his higher plane in the spiritual world, as he knew he could still communicate with him.

This was the message, written slowly, and with a feeling of great dignity, each word was so clearly and deliberately spelled out:—

“ The eye of God looks down through Dean direct on you. Your eye looks up to God through Dean. There is no way in which you can be lost to one another's sight. The clouds about you are only real to you. Feed on the spiritual, and not on anything of earth, and each day's need will be satisfied. Poor is the man who makes

himself his god. Now, Dean is off through many planes, yet nearer in his own consciousness, away from you. He has asked me just to chat with you, not try to satisfy any curiosity about conditions here, as Mrs Robertson would have me do. She is not as far advanced as you, and it is natural, and she must be curious, as it is wholesome to be so—the way she is—for that is the way her soul can grow the best. Tell that other lady that I, too, know her ‘Statesman.’ He is a great soul here, but works more on the mental plane, as he is still influencing the minds of men. He, too, is needed to stay in the mental, for all things work together for good, and just as nothing not needed on earth is made, so every need is filled with us, and oh, God knows the world needs men like ‘Marius.’ It is hard for me to go on. I am new at it, and will do as Dean says—just come and chat. I knew your friends, my family intermarried. They are not direct relatives. F. Jonson.”

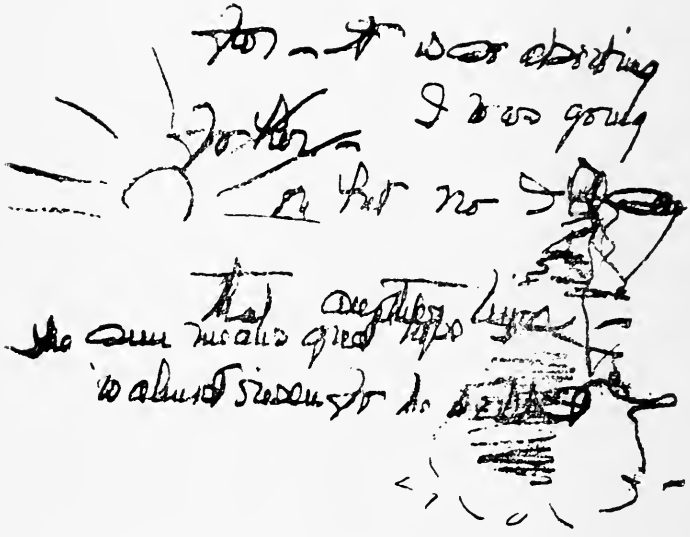
I forgot to say that in questioning the table, 'the Colonel's wife,' having heard from me that the Senator was from New Orleans, asked him if he had ever heard of her relatives (mentioning their name) of Virginia. Was he related to them? Had he and Dean found this out over there? To all of these questions the table tipped 'Yes.' Not one of us had thought of this again during the writing of the message, and therefore we were surprised and interested at the Senator's explanation at the end of it. As the table was still creaking, we put our hands on again and were delighted, and Mrs M. noticeably awed, to find it claimed to be 'Marius,' and that, through me, he wished to write a message to her.

This was the message, written with tremendous force and much greater speed than the preceding one. Even when my hand stopped writing and drew the lake, the tree, and the sun, there was no hesitation, and the explanation of the picture followed with the same assurance:

"Kings and queens are all disappearing, some by violence, some by a

quiet, national dismissal. Do not be grieved when this comes to pass. There must be as few earth symbols as possible to remind one of former bondage. The thought of man must get away from that, for that is tribal. Out of the mental reformation will follow a spiritual progression. It will rapidly follow the mental, the physical is a prolonged death agony, the mental is a rapid spiritual birth. How I wish I could speak onto this woman’s mind. It is a slow and stumbling way, this! Yet she has the mind to hold all I say. She would lay down her life to benefit the world to-day. She would go into outer darkness if it were required of her, to save the world, but she will not have to. Through these efforts, she will do more to help than that way ever can. God does not destroy in order to help. Some day she will have great joy in reading, through our minds, how we have watched her love for all the suffering world unroll.

It is always on earth our love for each other grows, for in this way the spheres are linked together, and harmony secured. Now, come again, I am not tired, but I think it is best for her not to press too far. It is so absorbing for her. I was going on, but no, I'll say that another time.



Photographic reproduction of original automatic drawing.

The sun means great hope is almost

risen for the world. It will not come through one, but many, and the lake is already beginning to reflect it—the lake is human minds, and the tree has caught its first rays on its topmost branches. The tree is just a symbol of the *forest* of human souls so soon to be illumined. I will not sign my name; you know my style, and need no signature. Good-bye, just now. Do not keep me now, though how I would love to stay.”

Just after this last word the pencil had made several whirling marks, with three slightly slanting vertical lines firmly marked through them. To us they conveyed nothing, and may only have been the dwindling off of the effort that had hitherto driven the pencil.

After discussion of this message, tea was brought in, and as the afternoon was almost over, we decided not to try anything further, for Mrs M. and I lived in opposite suburbs and would be late for dinner.

CHAPTER VIII

The following afternoon, Wednesday, February 19th, 'the Colonel's wife' came to my house to keep her regular appointment, and we had barely put our hands on the table before we all felt a force within it, and to our questions it answered clearly, unhesitatingly, and with vim. We could not find out for some time who it could be. It purported to be the spirit of a man whom we did not know, nor did he know us. He had tried before to get our attention, but unsuccessfully.

His message was important. He had died during the present war, had played an important part, and was on the mental plane.

Suddenly I exclaimed—why, I do not know—"Are you Kitchener?"

The table drew itself up in the air as far as it would go without upsetting, and then came down with a bang.

"Lord Kitchener!" I exclaimed. Again it did the same, only more rapidly.

"Well, Lord Kitchener," I said, "if it is

really you and you have come to me, an obscure and unknown woman out in this north-west corner of the North American continent, I shall do what I can for you, but I am dumb-founded beyond words—in fact you must excuse me if I cannot believe it is you.” And I settled myself to write.

During the message I had a feeling of terrible things, despair and darkness, and great billowy curtains of fog rolling over my soul, and the hopelessness of feeling there was so much behind my pencil to be written that only a shadow of it all could possibly be recorded. These are the words :

“ There is a light coming out of the darkness that the Statesman who wrote you yesterday told you about. But you all must stop despairing about it, for you by so doing hold back its radiancy. It was all darkness to me when I went down under the awful waters that night on the ‘ Hampshire ’—absolutely awful in its intense darkness. My soul gave up to absolute and hopeless despair, not only for myself, but for the bright

world I had left, for even that world, in the throes of hideous war, colossal in its immensity of horror, looked a bright place as I went under. The awfulness of it all, the blackness, the pitching boat, the towering waves! God was forgotten!! I forgot that such an One as God could be. I was carrying it all on my own shoulders, I, carrying it all! That is what you are all doing. Carrying it all on your shoulders, forgetting God! I passed over. I felt a numbness that began to end in an aliveness. I saw instead of darkness of sea and sky and spot of a dark, floundering boat, a fair earth. I knew that I, Kitchener, had come through 'the great experience'! I saw many who seemed familiar, and since all has been brightness. Now, so it is going to be with the world—
PROVIDING YOU HOPE AS HARD AS MOST PEOPLE ARE INDIFFERENT OR DESPAIR. I am of more use here than there, *now*. I could go higher, but I have *prayed* to stay that I may lessen to you on

earth the great heights of the huge waves of despair all on earth feel to-day. Try to make more do what you are doing. You have a good mind, but there are many I could come through better—if only they would at least try as you all have done, you and ‘Kathleen,’ as you call her, and Mab. Mrs S. is able to do more, but because she does not write it is not as acceptable yet to the world. Make another effort.

Kitchener of K.”

When this message was only about half-written, the front-door bell rang. I heard it distinctly, and felt much annoyed. It was not more than four o’clock and not ‘my day’ at home. “Who can be coming?” I thought.

I heard Kathleen whisper to ‘the Colonel’s wife’ and leave the room. Just then I heard the side-door bell ring, and Mab also jumped up and flew to that door. I knew the Chinaman had gone out to his room, over the garage, until tea-time, and as I had just dismissed my housemaid, that there was no one to answer the bells.

Suddenly I heard Kathleen enter softly and whisper to 'the Colonel's wife': "It is Mrs K. What shall I tell her?"

And the advice whispered back: "Tell her Mrs. Robertson is engaged in the library and cannot come just yet."

I then heard Mab say, in a low voice, as Kathleen went out into the hall: "That was Mrs Westwood at the side-door, with her two babies. I had to tell her mother was busy, so she has gone. She did look so tired!" I felt so sorry, as she had brought the children from a great distance to see me, I knew, and with her slender strength and pocket-book, it wrung my heart to turn her away, but I couldn't stop! My hand was still writing through all this fluster and whispering, and it was supposed to be from Lord Kitchener!

The moment the writing stopped, I quickly read the message to 'the Colonel's wife' and Mab, who had returned, and excused myself and went across the hall to Mrs K. and Kathleen, who were in the drawing-room. I started to make some common-place excuses about having to absent myself because of a pre-arranged meeting, etc.,

when instead I found myself telling Mrs K. the straight truth, that I had recently found my hand wrote automatically, that I had had come to me remarkable messages, but the strangest one of all had just come through. It was supposed to be from Lord Kitchener.

Now, Mrs K. is a Christian Science practitioner. I am not a Christian Scientist. I have seen too much to deny, and yet, and yet—that is about the way I stand in regard to its teachings. However, Mab and Kathleen have for several years been deeply interested, and it was the latter, that day, whom Mrs K. had really come to see.

I asked Mrs K. to say nothing yet of all this. She was very sweet and tolerant, and gave her promise readily, and I excused myself and went back to the table.

Kathleen soon joined us, Mrs K. having departed, and I asked if Kitchener were still there. The table answered ‘Yes.’

I asked: “Did the message come through clearly?”

‘Yes,’ was the answer.

“Does it suit you?”

‘No,’ rapped the table.

I continued: "Did I write what you wanted to say?"

'Yes,' emphatically.

"Is it because you want to say more that you are not satisfied?"

'Yes.'

"Very well, then," I said, "I will write again."

I had only barely taken hold of the pencil when my hand was seized, and the following message dashed down with a speed greater than I could possibly have written anything of my own volition. I was impressed with a feeling of desperation and hurry, hurry, hurry! And then suddenly I felt the power going, and it was gone. This much, however, we found written very badly, but every word was clear:

"Once a woman came to me in great distress. Her child was lost, and nowhere could she find him. She came to me because to her I seemed all greatness, and she felt if anyone could search him out and find him, I could. So with you (all on earth) and God! You go to anything you can define, get hold of, hold onto, in

all this great trouble about you, because you think that it will help you, instead of going to THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN—GOD. I could not find that woman’s child. I would have, if I could—— You see I cannot hold longer!”*

and there it ended. The table was lifeless, the power gone.

We were about to stop for the afternoon, when Mab said: “Mother, the table feels as if someone else were here.” We put our hands on again, and finding it was no longer Lord Kitchener, we questioned it further, and found it claimed to be Kathleen’s and my ‘guardian angel,’ and that he wished to send a message directly to Kathleen, whereupon the message below flowed out freely and joyously (for such was the impression it gave me), and I felt surrounded by a great, calm feeling of love—love for me as well as for Kathleen, whom he wished to address:

* If anyone can recall such an occurrence between herself and Lord Kitchener will she be good enough to write of this, giving full particulars to the Publishers, of this book, it being one of the few statements not yet verified by the Author.

"When a pool of water dries up, as a rule it reveals loathsome things. When the sweet waters rise again in it, it not only becomes beautiful in itself, but it reflects the loveliest things, like stars and moonlight, blue skies and sunsets—and all these are highest things! Kathleen, dear child, pour in the waters from their great source, God. Go on, as your sweet fair life is going, never doubting and diminishing your physical receptacle. Fill up and brim over spiritually, and more and more you will reflect the highest things, till in miniature all who know you will see God. This may seem a strange message to you, but I saw your sweet soul vibrate at the mention (of God) in the message just given, vibrate with your love of God—and I saw the pool of your dear mind grow clearer, as it does each time you feel the tug of the love of God in your soul. I have just come to tell you I am well pleased with you"—

and with a number of undecipherable scribbles the pencil stopped.

CHAPTER IX

Two afternoons afterward, on Friday, the 21st, Mab came to my room where I was resting, and said very seriously: "Mother, can't you and I try the table alone now? I cannot get it out of my thoughts that there is someone anxious to speak to us. All day I have felt this. Will you not see, mother; it cannot do any harm."

I said: "Why, certainly, my child," and we drew up a small oval table, with four legs, braced by curved bars below. Just as we started MacEwen and his six-year-old sister, Madeleine, opened the door. They have grown quite used to the table, and as my motto in dispelling all mystery has been 'What is natural is not extraordinary,' I had taught them so to feel toward the table and 'my writings.' They both asked if they, too, might not put their hands on and try.

I consented at once, and at the first question, the table tipped with force and precision. It was the children's grandfather.

He was a Judge of the Supreme Court of British Columbia and had died in 1881.

He claimed he wished to send a message through me, and while the three children sat with their hands upon the table, it was written without apparent effort, in a rounded, clearer hand than ever before, and without the slightest pause or hesitation throughout.

The bulk of this communication was purely a personal family message of advice to his children, but contained a spiritual law which read as follows :

“Here we consider that when a father on earth fails to blot out of his child an *obvious fault*, then that fault of the child's becomes a *sin* of the father's.”

And he concluded by saying :

“There was something else I meant to say, but that will keep. If I say it now, it will take from the force of what I have said in this writing. It is about Percy. (Percy was his third son, who died in 1888.) He is Madeleine's Guardian Angel, and is absolutely devoted to the child. She

has given him absolute delight since the day she was born. It was he who succeeded in having her born alive. T's own father.”

“ Write again soon, Mabel dear, dear child. It is a noble deed you are performing.”

However, we were unable to continue just then, for it was already late, and we knew that a friend of ours, Mr F., who was coming to dine with us, was about due to arrive. After dinner, my husband having excused himself for a little while to attend a Masonic meeting, we were all sitting around the library fire, when our conversation turned to spiritualism and what we had been doing. upon Mr F.'s asking to see the “ table tipping,” I was glad to show him, because his interest seemed so genuine and without flippant curiosity. He was amazed at its force, and presently, of his own accord, put his hands on, and when, shortly, it seemed to want me to write and claimed to be controlled by my ‘ guardian angel,’ he was non-plussed, but when it signified a little later that it wished to write, through me, a

message directly to him, his astonishment and incredulity knew no bounds!

Kathleen told me after Mr F. had gone of the effect the message had on him while I was reading it aloud; how the world-worn face had quivered with an emotion she did not know he was capable of, for his life had been lonely and his youth wasted among men and women of the Far West and Alaska of twenty-five years ago. He had indeed 'touched the depths,' yet as great as had been the sins of his body, there had been no sins of his soul, no dishonesty, lying, deceit. He was the acknowledged soul of honor by all who knew him. This was the message:

"There is a darkness that is really not a darkness at all. It is really a glorious light, for it is a development. You know where the aquatic flowers are born, down deep below the waters, through which no sunlight ever filters, and you know how beautiful they are, how pure and perfect, how full of sunlight the yellow of the petals of their hearts! Do not think because things about

you have seemed dark, or because you, too, have been at the bottom of this life’s experience, where lower things exist, that you, yourself, are injured by them. Some day, oh, big boy-man! you will stand like the aquatic flowers, rearing your head in perfection above many who have never touched your depths! Your heart on earth was never tainted! Your soul in heaven can therefore never be blemished. This is a Truth. And all Truths here are laws. I only come when I know I am needed by either of these children. Through their need I came to-night. For when they need in the least heart-desire, I respond. The elder gives all she cares for, thought, and when her thought goes out to anyone, I come. That is why I came to-night. Durat—from across the water. /, too, once touched the depths. / know!”

Upon questioning the table, we found that the ‘guardian angel’ had gone, and, instead, a soul, unknown to any of us, insisted upon

getting a message through. I objected at first, fearing that it was not a higher message, but the tippings were so insistent that I said: "Well, if you will send us a higher message, I will do so. We have no time or patience for unknown spirits, unless they are serious and of high purpose. Are you?"

'Yes,' with force tipped the table.

"Well, I haven't an idea who you can be, but go on," I said, and this was written:

"A boat lay tossing on the waves—empty and a mite below the great expanse of heaven. A man lived tossing in the crowds of Life—lonely, yet all about him were—— There is another force interfering, and I wanted to get this through! Stay still, and I may go on. Sometimes the greatest development comes when the soul is empty—— It is of no use. I will come again, but probably not to-night. We all long to send words through, even lower spirits, and it cannot always be. You do not know me. I was a lonely woman on earth, but not now.

Mamie Cassatt."

While this message was ‘coming through’ the table was rocking and rocking. Mab and Kathleen tried to stop it, fearing it would disturb me, but they could not do so, and so took their hands off. When they did this, my hand stopped, and fearing they had disturbed the force in the table, they quickly put their hands on again. At once the table rocked as before, but as they saw my hand was writing freely, apparently under the perfect control of the unknown, they sat still, with the tips of their fingers still on the table, until after the signature, when my hand stopped.

Meantime I was exceedingly annoyed at the table swinging so, but as my hand continued to write I felt reassured that it would go on doing so. Once I felt it stop, but I knew the force had not gone, and a moment after it began writing rapidly words that were apparently forming and dropping effortless through my brain. When I stopped for a few moments I had a distinct feeling of nausea. This soon passed away. None of us knew, nor had we ever heard of ‘Mamie Cassatt.’

We all then put our hands on the table and found an entirely different force within it, strong and insistent. It refused to even attempt to write for us, but spelled out by tapping, once for each letter of the alphabet, the name of Jack Granby, first claiming that he knew both Kathleen and me.

Imagine our surprise when Kathleen exclaimed "Jack Granby, is that Jack Granby?" to see the table swing back until it almost fell over, stop a half-second, and then rock back and forth, as though almost in glee!

For a moment I could not remember having met Jack Granby, although I knew his mother slightly. Then I remembered having seen the mother and son together at Harrison Hot Springs about two years before, and hearing that he was home on leave from France and must soon return. I think now that he was presented to me a day or so before he left the hotel, one day when his mother was standing near me on the verandah. I heard a year later that he had been killed in France. I had not seen his mother since.

After many difficult questions in order to find out what he wanted, as he insisted that he could not write automatically through me, I found he did not want to send a message to his mother, but a book; that he did not wish me to tell her of the table, but instead to send her a certain book, and send it anonymously. Finally, after naming a number, I asked could the book he wished sent be the one we had read recently, *Thy Son Liveth*. Again the table swung, as though in glee, back and forth.

I said: “Jack Granby, do you know the author ‘Bob,’ as he calls himself?” and he said ‘Yes.’

“Is he on your plane?”

‘Yes.’

I promised I would get this book, and do as he desired, and he was gone. This promise I have since fulfilled and anonymously, as he requested.

We put our hands on the table again shortly, and found another boy ‘killed in France.’ In the same way Jack Laurier was spelled out. I did not know this boy, and he claimed only to know Kathleen.

Kathleen had known him for several years, and after he went to the front he wrote to her a number of times, as they were always good friends. I asked if he wanted to get a message through to someone.

'Yes.'

"Your mother?"

'No.'

Kathleen interrupted, "Why, his mother is dead!"

However, as I did not know him or anything about him; naturally I was ignorant of this.

"Well, to Kathleen?" I proceeded.

'Yes,' he answered.

"Will you write it?"

'Yes,' and this was the message, in the form of a letter:

"Dear old K.,—I am alive and well. By Jove! I came through with a joy I never knew the old earth ever held, and oh, I saw so many who had gone before! And mother, dear old mother! with the beauty of returning health each hour that passed. I thought they were hours, but we

don’t bother with timepieces here. H. Birks (the name of Vancouver’s largest jewellery shop) would go out of business. But Mother! why, she was rainbowed with the glorious colour vibrations of experience, and growing younger constantly with the advance in the spirit life! Everything is intensely alive here. No more lazy sea-breezes, and Vancouver’s topmost, lifeless, cold old mountain air! No more for ‘my’ K. How we all long to talk through Mrs. Robertson to you all on earth, and she will do it too. She has a sneaking idea that we all died for *her*, and she is right—for her and you and every ‘Jack man, woman, and child’ of you—but most of all for God, K. I never knew him on earth. Of all my friends I knew Him least, but of all my friends I’ll know Him best before I get through—only we know now we never get through here—life is eternal! I will come again, Kathleen, dear girl. My thanks to Mrs. Robertson.

Jack Laurier.”

When I finished reading this aloud Kathleen exclaimed in great excitement: "Oh, Mrs. Robertson, that is so like Jack! Had you known him and tried to make it like him, you could not have done it better! I have his letters, and will show you. He always began 'dear old K.,' and I thought he was sending the usual straight message, and never dreamed it would be in the form of a letter—our first complete letter from the spirit land! And 'By Jove!' he always used that expression all the time—and how he did hate our cold, damp climate! He said it always made him tired, and the mountains were to blame for it. The whole thing is exactly like Jack!"

The next day she brought the letters, and just as she has said, it was all 'so like Jack.'

That was all we did for that night, for each message was so different that we began as usual discussing and wondering at them, until midnight and the evening was gone.

CHAPTER X

The following Friday morning, February 25th, Mrs C. was again sewing for me, and asked if I would mind, after her day's work was finished that afternoon, seeing if there were any more communications for her. I readily assented, and told her to think out to anyone from whom she wished to hear throughout the day, as I had heard that would help bring the one she wanted.

At five o'clock she, Kathleen, Mab, and I sat with hands on the table, and an immediate response came. It again claimed to be her former husband. I said, at once, "Very well, Mr Dory, I will write." The message started off :

"From a wave to a——"

(It stopped, and again wrote)

"From a wave to a——"

(Then it stopped, and my hand was motionless.)

I said : "Let us ask the table what is the matter. It is something strange ! This is the first time this has happened."

I questioned closely, and found that the words were not coming through clearly, and so asked him to try again. This time they came steadily and clearly through the whole message.

"It is more than difficult for me to do this! You see, it is my first effort. (He probably meant alone, as he had sent one before, but may have been assisted by Mrs C.'s sister, who claimed to have taken control of the table first, see page 32). I want to get a message through to Mrs Dory, for she is that in name to me yet, naturally! But between my longing to do so and my lack of experience, I shall probably have to try several times. If I were in my physical body I should say it made me nervous to do this. In my present condition I, instead, will say it makes me apprehensive, for fear I cannot express to you just what I mean. Now, I was trying to say that every wave has its depth, and that depth is nothing to be afraid of, and my wife need never be

afraid of the depths as long as she is guided by a man like her present husband. She will soon see that the next wave is a more lovely wave than the one she has just come down from. There is nothing to fear ahead. I cannot see for myself yet, but those who have, have told me all is well for her. She is to be brought into greater comfort soon, and her life, that has been meagre, filled in from now on. I wish I could tell her how we all see her here, her sister and all of us, but I can't do much at a time. I want to speak of higher things, but to-day have only time to reassure her. I feel sure I can do better next time. I would like to tell her something I have just learned about the old business, but hope to get that through later, and also how SAFE (underscored twice) I feel with her in her husband's keeping. He is, indeed, a good man, and I am so grateful to God every time I see their happy life together. I had no idea when I started this much would come through. It seems so discouraging at first. Next time I'll express better. S. B. Dory."

The next to claim the table informed us that she was Mrs C.'s sister.

"Which one?" asked Mrs C., informing us that she had lost three. After laboriously spelling out the name by raps of the table it proved to be 'Maud,' a younger sister, who had 'passed over' more than twenty years ago. Her message read :

" 'In the blossom is always held the promise of the fruit.' In my memory of you, little sister, I saw the promise, and although you went out of my life, I did not forget you. Up here, for this is a higher plane, I have tried to keep you in my consciousness, and in the consciousness of God. I have seen how at times you have not had a consciousness of God—not through any wilful disbelief in Him, but through a great humility, thinking, 'Oh, how can God be bothered with me!—poor and lonely and of no consequence!' Now, dear, this is not wrong, it is just a sweet lack of conceit and God knows that. Now, listen to this, I am charged to bring you

more into a thought of God, a knowledge that His love for you is just as great, and He is just as conscious of you as of the earth's most loved, and greatest! I do not like to see you, though, miss the nearness of Him. Speak out in your thoughts to Him, and the energy you put in trying to work out things for yourself put in conversing through your soul with God. You will then be able to come faster into my sphere when you get here. It has taken me a long time, although by nature I was more bold than you, and had more conceit about God. I felt somehow as if I were the one person He just couldn't forget, and there isn't one person He ever does forget. I see that your marriage is happy. It looks like a soul attachment. You and he are very congenial and will grow more so. When you come here you will never have to part, and can enjoy the beauty of everything together. There is much like the earth here, all its beauty and

none of the ugly things, all of the animals that have been capable of *constancy* in love, none of the ones that only defend and then forget, and all the birds that mate and are faithful, and one feels even in their atmosphere, love. And even the air caresses one here! It seems like a sweet breathe from a mother's face. To us it is like the breathe of God, for we cannot define Him any more clearly here than with you, but we can feel Him without any doubt. Now, sister, this is enough. I will come again later."

This message appeared to astonish Mrs C. even more than her husband's, for she said it recalled her long absent sister most forcibly to her.

"Maud was like that," she exclaimed. "She used to feel so sure of her importance to God, and I was the opposite. And she was a funny child in many ways. different from the rest of us. For instance, she was always making beautiful things out of common-place things. Many a time I have

seen her pretend to play with her fingers, as though on our parlour organ, music on our front steps or a stepping stone. There she would sit, lost to everything, while we skipped rope, or played ‘hop-sotch’ near by, her eyes on the sky and a rapt look on her face, moving her fingers over the stones beneath them.”

While she was saying this we were all conscious that a force was still in the table, and as she finished speaking I said: “Is the same spirit still there?”

And the table rapped ‘No.’

It appeared to be a spirit unknown to us, and seemed terribly agitated and eager to write. It wrote:

“I used to know you in Victoria when you first came out here. I want to get a word through to my wife and baby girl. They are living there yet, and mourn for me beyond what I deserve. I wish I could sign my name through you. Think of a man you met in Victoria who died and left a wife and little girl, just after you came there, then call me by thinking

hard about me, and I'll come and get the word I want to them. I can give you familiar words, but not names. If I could recall myself to your mind then I could write my name—(then there were some scribbles)—through you—(then some more scribbles that might have been an attempt to write a name)—the next time."

I tried my best to recall any such man, but failed utterly, and have so far been unable to do so. I had arrived in Victoria with my husband and baby Mab about the middle of July, 1905, and had spent ten days there at the home of my husband's mother, before going to Vancouver to live. I had in that time probably met over two hundred people, all new and strange to me, for I had attended several large dances and teas and a number of dinners. To date I cannot place in my memory ever having heard of the death of anyone at that time, nor during the following summer.

CHAPTER XI

On the afternoon of February 26th 'the Colonel's wife,' Mab, Kathleen, and I found ourselves at our accustomed place, the table. It was animated strongly, at once, and after assuring us that it was a spirit who had never come before, we asked it to tip toward the one with whom it wished to communicate. It went at once toward Mrs S. and after mentioning a number of names of her 'departed,' she exclaimed: "Can you be James Brock?"

'Yes,' swung violently the table, and I said: "Who is James Brock?"

She answered: "Now, I shall not tell yet," and addressing the table, said: "If it is the spirit of you, James Brock, send me a message and I shall know by it whether it is really you or not." And rapidly, and with a feeling akin to intellectual delight to myself, these words came forth:—

"When I left you there were many fixed ideas within my mind. I thought I was broad-minded. I could

not be blamed, for I was like the little lump of gold that hardens last in the bottom of the thimble, confined and settled and unmoveable. I thought the curved walls around me were all, save for the bit of upper heights I could see through the circle of the aperture. Imagine how that tiny, set bit of gold felt to be among hundreds of vibrant great nuggets, not hard and set, but pliable and full of vibrations of wisdom, elation, and *love*. No longer the thimble, but a huge circumference, a great unending bowl, growing wider and more beautiful as I tried to explore its rim. And yet not unfamiliar. Like the old in a distant resemblance, as I apparently functioned in the same way with my mind, yet oh, so freely! Then another thing I came to realise, that instead of the strain of always consciously or subconsciously trying to make out my fellow-creatures' mind and temperament, there was no more of that. I

just came into his presence and I knew, and if I saw evil in him he saw that I saw it, and shrank away. If he, being evil, saw virtue in me, he did the same. It was a natural protection, but always, instead of feeling relief that he had gone, as before, I felt regret and poured after him my thoughts till I agonised to help him! Always when I did this, a higher spirit stood beside me and healed my agony by telling me I was functioning rightly and that my pain, soul-pain, had called him. Pain in this case is pity—pity till it aches—and then swiftly, he or she, as the case might be, would follow and guide through love and teaching till the wrong attitude—which is all evil is—is gone. Now, I would like to speak of earthly things to please your ‘mortal mind,’ but that is well fed, beside your soul. I mean by you, all on the earth plane, and we try not to cater more than possible to ‘mortal mind,’ as Mrs Eddy has so aptly called it. That

dies with the body—all but a sort of memory of it, and that fades in time with us, but the soul burns brighter. It begins with a shadow of a suggestion of what it will be on earth, and ends with ever more real proclivities here. It is eternal! So we are taught not to cater to 'mortal minds.' It is a temptation of the spirit here, and can become a sin with us, if persisted in. That is why none do it, excepting to prove to a doubting soul and try to raise the intelligence of that soul. Now, I will come again if you call me. I only care to speak of our life here, and yours as it helps you."

This message was apparently so characteristic of James Brock that 'the Colonel's wife,' after exclaiming at intervals during the reading, "Oh, it *is* James Brock!" proceeded then to tell us about him. He was a Church of England clergyman who had come to this country to take charge of a parish in Eastern Canada, many years before. While there his thought broadened

beyond the teaching of the orthodox Church, and he resigned. He and ‘the Colonel’s wife’ were good friends, and spent many pleasant hours, discussing together complex and unorthodox views and ideas. Shortly after, he ‘passed on,’ and so her surprise and delight upon receiving the above message knew no bounds. She is not the ‘doubting Thomas’ that I am, for even though these messages were pouring through *me*, and to deny the intelligent force of the table was to deny my own senses, still I was not entirely convinced.

The next message that came did not flow through my hand like the former, it pushed with a steady force till toward the middle I had a feeling of intensity such as I had *never* felt before. It claimed to be Mary Baker G. Eddy! This we found, after continued and difficult questioning.

I write it word for word. Where the words are written in italics they were written by the pencil, in letters twice the size of the others, the lead standing out in blackness from the force with which it was written. To us the crowning message of all came through :

"I came because I could never refuse to come to those who, as Christ said, 'love me and keep my commandments.' Oh, my children, there is one tear of sorrow in my life with God's children in the spheres within His consciousness! I taught with my soul His great truth of Healing—I denied with my soul His great truth of spirit-connection with the earth-plane—I make one great confession through you now! Send it forth! My followers will at first be indignant. You will live to see the result and be called 'blessed.' Through earthly prejudice and lack of personally caring for a connection on earth with those who had gone, I deliberately chose to shut the doors, and, after closing them, to see that every little chink and crevice was closed too, to shut out the Truth! I shut out the Truth to my own mortal mind, but my soul knocked with constant knocks upon that door. Each time, my mortal mind cried

‘Healing! Healing!’ and to myself each time I stilled the knocks! ‘Oh, that I had had the knowledge of the healing of sorrow, that I had of the healing of pain! It is a far higher knowledge! I could have had it, but I shut the door! My thousands of followers are shutting the door! It must be opened! *I only taught a half Christ—a half Christ! when I could have taught a whole Christ, a whole Christ!* Tell my followers to make Him whole by each, bit by bit, building up the body that I tore down—the promise of the spirit land connected with this earth life of to-day. Call me again! Help dry the one tear in my life beyond you, yet all about you.

Mary Baker G. Eddy.”

Upon finishing this, I put my hands upon the paper and exclaimed: “One moment before we read this message! I want to make an acknowledgment before you all—for the first time since I started to investigate all this, I absolutely *know* that a personality *entirely outside* myself has written through

my brain and hand. Something other than myself has encompassed me, subjected me entirely to its will. Whether doubts shall in time fade somewhat my belief, I do not know, but this I do know, no conscious or sub-conscious self of my own wrote that message."

I realised I was whispering. I put my hand to my throat—it was tight and hoarse. Kathleen brought me water, but it was some moments before I could swallow it. 'The Colonel's wife' then told me that all the time I was writing I was breathing in great lungs-full of air and expelling it forcibly and making a little moaning sound in my throat. I did not know it. I only know that a great personality seemed suddenly beside me, then in me, and dominated me till the pencil dropped.

We had only just finished reading the message when Mab exclaimed: "Another is here!" And surely enough, after a few questions, we found my 'guardian angel' was there. How unexpected was the impression of beauty and restfulness that came to me during the following writing:

“ My little soul, whom I have guarded so long! Oh, little mind, striving so hard to make your lights shine! My happiness is great for you to-day. In our great spirit world you have planted your first great step. From now on you will march triumphantly. Down through its beautiful gardens, where you have but to call and the flower you love stands before you, over the tops of its rolling hills, and you have but to yearn and the ones that you love stand beside you, up at its great stars and moon, you have but to look, and like a shower of meteors on a night in your month of August, comes falling the love of God! What you have just received came from the soul of the woman who brought out of earth's chaos of wrong teaching Christ's long-ago teaching of Healing. It is well with her now. She has gone back from your sphere “her tear drying.” She will come again to guard her precious repentance, and see that it is made secure. You are

tiring! It has been a great day for you, but greatest of all for the soul of the woman, who through you, at last, has cleared her soul of a great OMISSION! Your 'Angel'."

Oh, the peace that was mine as this message flowed out from my pencil, and oh, the rapture of contentment I felt as we sat almost solemnly discussing the great trust that had been given us in this confession!

While we were sitting talking, in almost subdued tones, my house Chinaman came to the door to ask me to come downstairs for a moment. I was gone for about five minutes, and when I returned, as I opened the door, I saw 'the Colonel's wife,' Kathleen, and Mab, with their hands on the table, which was rocking to and fro in even undulations.

I said: "What is making the table do that?"

Mrs S., who was laughing, said: "It has not moved since you left the room. It just began of its own accord as you entered."

I said : “ Well, first you *must* look at the sunset. Keep your hands on and I will come, but you must not miss this ! ” And I threw up one of the shades of the western windows and pulled back the white curtains, and through them they saw the perfect outline of a round red sun, dull and rayless, like a great flat disk set in a leaden grey sky, a sky that had been all day without a break in its clouds or a stop in its steady downpour of rain. Its uniqueness had caught my attention, as I passed a window downstairs, and I had hurried back that they too should see it. I did not feel like any more ‘ table. ’ I felt I had had enough, and I was almost annoyed when I found that even our interruption to look at the sunset did not stop its singsong sway !

The moment I put my hands on, though, it stopped, but I ‘ felt a force ’ within it, and soon became interested, because we could not find out who it was. It was a man. He had never communicated before through us. He was a higher spirit. So I gave up questioning, and immediately it began :

" A long green lane and a high green hedge,
 And a ribbon of blue above it.
 A great world stretching on either side,
 A God above (in Heaven) to love it.*

A long lone life with high grey walls
 To cramp and try to dwarf it,
 A great soul standing with faith in God
 And nothing has power to thwart it.

" This is just a trial. Your first effort at poetry. In time I will come and write through you great spiritual poetry containing truths and beauty, as yet not surpassed on earth. I am a poet here, as well as on earth. You did very well this time. Next time it will be clearer. To you it sounds foolish, but I am pleased to get even this much through. One doesn't teach Ibsen to a child—' Mary had a little Lamb ' comes first."

* Perhaps instead of ' above ' the words ' in Heaven ' were meant in the last line of the first verse, the two being practically synonymous in thought form, and I, being unconscious of the sense of the verse as a whole, put the simpler. On page 142 this same poet corrects in time another word written by mistake in the same way. Its meaning not being synonymous with the word he intended it may have been easier of detection to his mind as he read it recorded on mine.

When this was read it was received with enthusiasm by the others, but complete bewilderment by me, for I had a feeling of a great beauty behind it all, that should have “come through,” but did not. Beauty seemed all about me, just outside my grasp, and yet I also felt a certain form of elation that “even this much” had come through. We tried no more for that afternoon, and shortly after separated.

CHAPTER XII

ASH WEDNESDAY.

When 'the Colonel's wife' arrived on this Wednesday afternoon, March 5th, to keep our usual appointment, she exclaimed :

"I wonder who will come this afternoon ! Somehow I cannot think of a soul, nor have I tried to call anyone by thinking of them."

"Why, that is just the way we have all felt, not exactly an indifference as to who may come, but a passiveness, as I put it, as though our minds were cleared of all thoughts of anyone coming," I responded, and we merrily laughed over the fact of our all feeling alike on the subject.

We took the table in the same indifference and found that it responded at once. I asked if the spirit communicating were anyone who had been there before. Two raps.

"Can I find out who you are by questioning?" I asked.

'No,' answered the table.

"Will you write through my hand and sign your name when you have finished?"

‘Yes,’ came the answer, and there followed the most difficult message to ‘get’ that I had ever experienced.

Each word came through as though a separate word, like giving a child dictation in spelling, with a long pause between each word. As it went on, I felt as one does when listening through a telephone where the connection fails to be quite clear. Finally, when it suddenly finished by spinning the pencil around several times, I noticed a tired feeling in my head, such as is felt after a severe headache has gone and only a listless fatigue remains. These were the words, and apparently meant nothing:

“Falling softly like the snow about us, when the skies bend down in grey above you, the cold earth lies beneath your feet, are the thoughts of about you, is the land of spirit above you.”

“It is of no use,” I exclaimed. “I feel I didn’t write at all what was meant, but I want to try again.”

After questioning the table and finding that the same spirit claimed to be still there, I started again. This time the words came

a little faster and decidedly more clearly. They were :

“ It is a rare thing that one as advanced as I am can get through the thoughts of mortals the great, burning, surging desires that make up thoughts with us. We must proceed slowly, for what I am doing is entirely thought-transference. I can but find you in *thought*, by thinking toward you. Then I see your soul in its aura and at once I try to impress my soul on yours. To do this, with too great a force, would be like shattering a mirror. It would break your soul (mind) as surely into thousands of pieces—too much force! Now, I am a thinker from a realm even beyond distinguished poets and musicians, for I have lived long centuries ago. I only come now, to introduce myself to you, but if you will continue, I can let you know slowly, many things about our higher life that will show you the way in yours, each day, so that though you are living on earth,

you are at the same time living here, and need no further guide than is found in me to God. I was on earth an Old Testament character. I served in the Court of Pharaoh, and was of little consequence. Up here I have developed, and am more than earthly kings and queens, for I am a child of the Kingdom of Heaven, one of the sons of the Heavenly Father. Now, rest, and I will feed slowly more thoughts to your mind. Gad.”

“Gad! Who was Gad?” Kathleen, Mab, and I exclaimed. You see, none of us were Bible students but ‘the Colonel’s wife,’ and she said, not feeling at all confident in her knowledge on this point :

“There was born of a handmaiden of Jacob’s wife a son, whom Jacob named Gad. Later, I think he became a seer to King David. That is the only Gad I know about. But he promised to write some more. Let us see if he will.”* And he did—a message

* Upon looking up ‘Gad’ through the Concordance we found him to have indeed served in the Court of Pharaoh, another ‘Gad’ entirely having been seer to King David. However, I knew nothing about either, nor that there had ever been anyone named ‘Gad.’

that this time flowed with great strength and ease from my pencil, and I felt no further fatigue in writing it. It was as though at last a perfect connection between his thoughts and mine had been established. What followed was as clear as one voice is to another's hearing over a perfect telephone :

“ Now with greater force I will write !
Like the great hollow tubes of the organ are we who have advanced through the circles of the glorious spheres of God. We are the tubes through which the beauty of His harmony is transmitted—the beauty of the harmony of God ! We are His agents to pour forth the sweet notes of His sympathy, the soft chords of His understanding, the great vibrations of His love, down, down, through the souls of His spirits into the *hearts* of men—the buds in His garden of spiritual flowers ! I am but one pipe in this great organ of God, and you are the congregation that listens. Some carry away the full harmony sent forth, and it

becomes music in their lives, and through their deeds we know that they have heard God. Some only catch fragments, some chords, some a note, some nothing at all—but all will someday hear, for God will send and send till the most tone-deaf among you hear and listen and in time pour forth! Now I will write again, only so much at a time. I will write again! Gad.”

We had barely read aloud this second message when the table moved under Mab’s and Kathleen’s hands, which were still resting on it. I put mine on and said: “Is that still Gad?” and on being answered in the negative, I said: “It feels like my ‘guardian angel’.” As I said it, it swayed. But we found it was not he. However, as it wished to write a message to me, we again darkened the room and it began:

“To-day you are utterly tired, not that your soul is affected by any of this fatigue, but your soul has felt a great strain over the affairs of the earth—your own affairs. We do not want to

tire you, nor, worse still, perplex you. We would rather you should wait till a greater indifference should come in your soul and thoughts. I would like to say, though, that we who guard you, and all those of your circle, would like to see the thought of service that lies ever in the back of your mind blossom forth on the sad fields of France, and are working in every way we can to bring earth and heavenly forces to bear that it may be accomplished. It is all bright before you. God is always with those who try to right wrong conditions. You can bring forth into being your dream of service, if you will hold it ever before your eyes—in your mind.

A stranger—whom some day
you will meet and love."

CHAPTER XIII

Two days later, in the afternoon of Friday, March 7th, Mab and Kathleen came into my room and both told me that they had a feeling that a message wanted to 'come through.' I could not resist a good laugh at the natural way in which they spoke of the supernatural, and said: "Very well, we shall see." And surely enough my 'Guardian Angel' claimed the table and wrote through me the following message:

"If I could care for you in the way you would have me, things would not be as they should at all. Do not, my child, think out to me, trying in that way to influence me to make things plain to you. Just live each day as you take this dictation, each word at a time, each day at a time. I am guiding you at every moment, especially just now, for always when you need me I am nearest to you, for that is my duty. I undertake that from the hour of your birth and guide

unceasingly. When you are not involved in the perplexities of life, then I am free to take a little holiday as it were, and busy myself with the exquisite sights and glories of my life here. But when you need me I am beside you, just as you are beside those you love in their illnesses, administering, keeping all disturbing influences away, until health — which is soul repose — is restored to you. Tell Kathleen all this, and she will readily grasp the situation, and know that I am working in her life too. Your and her separation will not be for long. Of this I feel sure. But hold ever in your mind that desire is greater than thought, and right desire reaches God and is answered by Him by His granting what you ask, for to desire is to ask, to ask with desire is to pray, to pray is to give joy to God—joy that He may make you glad! I want you to step one step at a time. Not plan too far ahead. The sun does not

appear to rush up in the heavens, nor do roses open with a burst. All unfold, so does your life, slowly, and with greater beauty and development like Northern roses. Too much forcing diminishes bloom. So would it be with your life. You have yearned toward me to-day and I have come. You are desiring toward God and He will fulfil. Good-bye, my child, yearn on, pray on, for that is the true beauty of soul life—and God’s joy is in answering righteous prayer. Durat.”

The next evening, on Saturday, the 8th of March, my husband having gone to a Masonic meeting, Mab, Kathleen, and I joined my husband’s uncle and aunt, who had come to visit us that day, in the library. With them, also, was a friend of ours, Mrs L., who had been dining with us. ‘Uncle,’ as we called him, is a Judge of the Appeal Court of British Columbia, a man full of vigour and youth, notwithstanding his sixty odd years.

Before long something was said that sug-

gested spiritualism, and I, at once, told them of our 'table moving,' and the automatic writing that had followed, through my hand. 'Uncle' was most sceptical, and finally said:

"Well, my dear, if this is so, will you not give me a demonstration now?"

I laughed and answered: "Certainly, but I have heard it said that sometimes when there is a certain non-conductor in the shape of a human being in the room, the table will not move. I hope you do not prove to be one, Uncle, but we will try."

To my satisfaction the table seemed to respond with even greater strength than usual to the very first question, and claimed to be controlled again by my husband's father. He had been a very close friend, as well as brother-in-law of 'Uncle's,' who at that time was only a struggling young barrister.

He insisted that he wished to write a message through my hand, and finally, to our astonishment, after several times mystifying us by tapping loudly with the table, eleven times, he claimed that it was a message to me, but about Kathleen, of whose family

even he had known nothing when alive; my husband and I having only met her three years before.

Just as I took the pencil in my hand, before I even placed it over the paper, I felt my whole self seized, but the centre of it all was my throat, and I cried out: “Quick! Quick! he is in my throat!” and with that my hand began to write, the letters growing larger and larger until they were nearly two inches long! All during the writing everyone testified afterward that I breathed in great, irregular breaths, and made strange noises in my throat, and tossed my head about, as though in great distress, till almost at the end I spoke several times over words that sounded like: ‘You must!’ and in a deep voice like a man’s.

Upon finishing the message with the signature, I burst into sobs and threw my arms over the table and put my head down on them. All I could say was: “Oh, he is wonderful, so wonderful and intellectual! I could almost see him! And he seemed all through me, and in me, and about me!”

It was sometime before I could gain any-

thing like composure, but fortunately my husband had returned just before we had begun questioning the table, and he helped me to grow quiet. Suddenly I again felt the same personality about me, and I once more cried out.

"He is going to write again, without asking me! Quick, give me some paper!" And as they did so, with my hand trembling so that at first I could scarcely pick up a pencil, the second message, again from Judge Robertson, came through.

I do not copy them, for, as in the former case, these communications were personal messages to ourselves, and would be of no interest outside of our 'circle,' as we have called it. It did contain, though, as well, a most earnest and forceful 'urge' to print these messages, insisting "You must! You must!" that by so doing 'good mediums will be established, and you will be one of the pilots to lead others into the harbour of our life about you and DRIVE OUT SORROW FROM THE WORLD."

There was no mistaking the verity of the force that had controlled me during these

two writings, and both ‘Uncle’ and my husband, who heretofore had been sceptical of all such things, had to acknowledge a phenomenon.

I was still trembling and uncontrolled in many ways, when Mab said: “ Mother, the table is creaking again ! ” At once I put my hands on and found my ‘guardian angel’ wished to write.

Oh, the difference between his calm and beautiful words as they flowed onto my inner mind and out of my pencil, and the eager, anxious, terrible force of the words of the preceding messages. His read :

“ To-night is the crowning night or moment of all my life, since I was given to guide you, my child! I only want to pour about you in quieting vibrations the soothing influence of my love ; for you are my little spiritual child and I am your spiritual father, your ‘Angel’—and my love will quiet all vibrations set in motion by the powerful spirit of your husband’s father. He had to use you for this purpose, in that way. Fear not, it

will not harm you! It is all natural, and only strange to you. Now, no more to-night, my little soul on earth! This is the good-night command of Your 'Angel'."

As I handed this to my husband to read aloud, I felt as composed and at peace as I ever had in my life. My hand no longer trembled, and all agitation had disappeared.

Shortly after the table creaked again, and upon questioning we found that Mab's father wished to get a message through. I asked him to try to do so through the table, and he did for some time, but finally, as it seemed such a slow and difficult way, I said: "Well if you won't make it long I will write, but my 'guardian angel' thinks I have had enough, and so do I." We darkened the room again, and very easily and smoothly this followed:

"In a far-away corner of a little shop in London there is a copy of a book long out of print. I hope you can find it! Every shop you go into, look around, and I will try to influence you and guide you to it. It is on Spiritualism, and has died a

natural death of the two earth plagues of Prejudice and Ignorance. It will be a great help to you three, as mediums for us, and can guide you to a better understanding of the way to do this. Now, you will find this book if you will just only *always* remember to try to look when you enter. I am almost beyond myself with joy over to-night ! It is coming—the great connection between the earth sphere and ours ! Now, good-night, and put your arms around my baby, my child, my little ‘Jim.’ I put mine around her many times, but she does not know it, and I smile and think of the time when she will.

Jim.”

CHAPTER XIV

The next day was Sunday, and during the morning I was so impressed with the powerful demonstration of phenomena we had had the night before, that I telephoned 'the Colonel's wife' and told her about it. She said she would like to come up that afternoon for a little while and have a talk, for that morning, upon awakening, she had received one of her impressions, that her son Dean was filled with happiness, and that if she would go to me and sit in our usual circle a very high message would be sent through.

So by four o'clock we were all around our little table in my room, and this message 'came through,' not without considerable disappointment at first to 'the Colonel's wife,' who had hoped it would be from the 'High Authority,' looked for since her impression in the morning.

"Far away, in the innermost circles of God, is a group of His advanced spirits, influencing those in the circles beneath them, full of the joy of what

is to come forth on earth. Now, if you will all try to look through to this sphere and lift up your hearts in desire, you will start them in motion—the motion of thoughts—till all earthly things are forgotten by all, and only highest desires are held in your thoughts. Then will come down, in perfect vibration, the spiritual Truths that are needed to feed the minds of men upon earth. From now on, try not to be so concerned with your own affairs. All who are nearer the earth than I, have fed you with sufficient proof to prove to you all that we are here on guard, and that all is well with you all. Now, advance. Leave the littleness behind. Get the *great* through and all the rest will follow. Across the water you will succeed in convincing others: in your generation the wonderful work you are doing will blossom and bear fruit—fruit that the commonest men will be amply supplied with by the time your children's children are

born. This is my message to-day, to raise you all in thought higher—that the highest may come down to you.

Your Guardian."

"Oh," exclaimed 'the Colonel's wife,' as I read aloud the message, "to think I was disappointed when your 'guardian angel' came! But I am no longer, after such a beautiful message!"

Solemnly I said: "He is gone, I feel it. There is another here!" And to the table I continued: "Are you not another spirit?"

'Yes,' came the answer, with a long, slow, single rock.

"Have you ever tried to speak through us before?"

'No,' in two long, slow rocks.

"Do you wish to speak to any one of us?"

'Yes.'

"Is it to me?" I asked almost solemnly, for the solemn dignity of the movement of the table made me feel a something akin to awe.

"Very well," I said, "I will write"—and these words followed:

"God is touching you Himself, not

through His agents alone, but with His own consciousness on yours. You must give all you can to Him of uplifted thought and prayer, for slowly He is unfolding His great Inner Gifts to you. This afternoon is too great a strain on you. You must wait, for I will come again. You should first prepare in quiet and repose, and I can do better.

Gabriel.”

All during the preceding message I had heard the voices of arriving friends coming up from the hall below, and twice Mab had left the room to welcome and assure them that “Mother is detained and will be down in a moment.”

Just as the second message came, more friends arrived, and although every word came through clearly, my ‘other mind’ felt annoyance and disappointment at the interruption, for of all the words that had yet come to me, I felt the ones that were about to come were the loveliest and of the greatest import.

In almost reverence I read the message.

as the pencil dropped from my fingers, and then almost in fear I exclaimed : " Oh, there must be a mistake, for Gabriel was only a fictitious character, was he not ? " and ' the Colonel's wife ' (correcting my Biblical ignorance) brought joy back to my heart by saying : " No, indeed ! Gabriel was always the Agent, or Angel of God, who brought glad tidings to those to whom he appeared, and, " she added, " Let us bow our heads a moment, as though in his presence, and thank the spirit of God all about us, for the nearness we feel to Him, produced by the message just sent. " And we did.

A few moments later we descended to the drawing room to greet friends, who, beside the vibrant reality of the personalities we had just *felt*, seemed the vague and unreal !

CHAPTER XV

The following Wednesday, March 12th, found us again together—the same circle of four in my room—shades drawn, and pencil in hand. My husband's father claimed the table, and wrote this time, very quietly and without agitation :

“ Far away in a little shop in London, there is not a little book that was spoken of in the message that followed mine. It is in Birmingham, I think. It would help you, and I hope you can find it. There is another copy in Paris. That would be easier for you to find. The main thing of all is to get ours printed. That is, the book our circle here and yours on earth are going to get through to the minds of men—first the mind and then the soul. When it has been published a certain time it will develop the souls of men, and not only drive out sorrow, but will adjust the wrong and anger and ferment of

discontent rampant on earth to-day.
Now, write again in a moment."

As soon as this was read the table claimed to be still presided over by my father-in-law, and a second message came through:

"There are others waiting to-day to get through to you higher messages. Great instructors from far-off spheres. I only hold you for a last plea that you will not be discouraged in having the messages you have so far received published. We are all waiting for the great day. Do not lay too much stress upon anything B. says to you to-night. He is very undeveloped. You cannot develop him by anything you may say. He is not a 'soul-man,' nor will he be on earth! He is kind, and means everything well, but he is sunk in his own satisfaction. Some day I could speak through you, and will, elsewhere, but not yet. I want someone to be able to take what I say down in writing. I must now let others speak. I wanted to add this to what you wrote for me the other night."

Following this came one whom we recognised by the rocking of the table the moment we put our hands back on it. The poet again! Once more he tried to ‘come through.’ I had the same sense of beauty all about me, so much and so heavenly sweet that what was being written seemed distorted and meagre, and not at all as intended. I felt this during the writing, and I was bitterly disappointed when I read the following words :

“ Burning light, that searches the souls of men, will blast through the spheres, till like metal in the crucible of the universe all fallacies will melt away in the calm—— It can’t be done yet! But it will! Think toward me earlier, for it is a great strain to get through a tired mind even blank verse! Do not despair, by degrees I can write, but conditions must be right, and you must have a mind that is free of too much of earthly necessities and cares.”

He was gone! When we asked the table if the same spirit were still there, another

spirit claimed control. For some time we tried to find out who it was, but could not. I asked if it were a man, and we thought as it tipped only once that it was, and under this impression, and with the promise that he would sign his name to the message, the words began :

“ What a mistake you are making not to, at times, sit down and concentrate, and so call to you (this poet) or others who have offered to come. Perhaps, though, you do not realise that this is a mistake, and that only by so doing can they come to you. They do not even know that you are writing half the time, for they have occupations as well as you, and though they came once and offered, they do not return, for they are waiting for you to call them. Try this and see if I am not right. I am nearer your life and grosser, and so can get ‘through’ to you more easily things like this. But if you once really ‘call’ as we call it (a poet), he will come and pour through you real beauty, the pure

beauty of poetical thought. Just try it and see. Now, you asked who I was, at the table. I’m the same one who tried to write ‘On an angry sea!’ the night a man ‘killed in France’ stopped me, trying to get a frantic message through. I lived in the Middle West and died three years ago. I didn’t know much then, but I am learning fast, and am full of the joy and love of God, as I never was before. Mamie Cassatt.”

So it was not a man, but Mamie Cassatt! The ‘lonely-on-earth’ woman, communicating again. I asked the table if she wished to say anything further. It did not move, so I said: “Is someone else there?” and found that there was. And it was ‘Tom’— Tom Barry!

With joy I took my pencil, for it had been long since we had last heard from him. He began at once:

“ Oh, it has been many weeks since I came! But I couldn’t have come before, anyway. My life has been filled with the glories, and sweetness,

and blessed reunions, up here. Part of my work is with the re-unions of those who are following their boys, killed on the fields of France, or dying from wounds of the war. Imagine my joy, Kathleen, to guide to it's father, the soul of his beautiful child, boy or girl, to explain to them both many things that perplex them, to bring to the bedside of a dying wife her young husband, to place his hands in hers, as her soul rises out of her body. To put my arms around an aged mother, who dies with her heart breaking for the son she has lost, and then slowly to withdraw mine, and in place put his, as he half carries her away from earth's nearness. This is what I am doing now. It is part of my soul-forging—my course in the knowledge of sweet sympathy! Universal sympathy, Kathleen, for, like universal love, it is the highest. But I have kept, too, in touch with the old life, and I can see how, before very long, you will

go to my mother, and you will bring my mother nearer to me than all her sorrow can ever bring her, for you will bring her into an understanding of me in an eternal life, busy and bright and praising my Heavenly Father! Oh, the beauty of it all! The greatness of one's vista here! The joy to work and help and love! I only came for a talk of a moment. It has been long since I came before.

Tom.”

Next came my ‘guardian angel.’ The second message following at once the first:

“ Look hard, little soul, in the inner light that is coming to you. You felt it to-day! It is the exquisite rapture of the personal touch of God. The more you look and the longer, the stronger will come vibrating the light. You on earth speak of the ‘whole gamut’ of human emotions, yet none of them are emotions compared to those one feels when stripped of the physical body at soul-birth—here in the infinite meadows of God's country.

You can, by looking higher, with the real you within you, catch glimpses of the light and rapture, but until you know the way, it is hard, on earth, to find. Never fear to speak to *anyone* of the spiritual path you are treading. Let nothing prevent! Now, I would like to draw you up higher. In the future pray God when you come to the table that you may enter the consciousness of one of His great spiritual Teachers, then there will come down to you great spiritual Truths. Great Teachers do not need great minds to come through; lesser Teachers do. Always, through the Bible, you will find the greatest souls come and administer to the humble. So it is with the advanced Angels of God. They come easily, and simply, to the humblest on earth. I have seen in your mind the thought that it was almost an absurdity that Gabriel—the Angel Gabriel!—should speak through your mind to your soul. Banish the thought! Did the great

spirit of Christ ever fail to speak to the soul of the humblest? The more like God great spirits become, the greater their sweet simplicity. Now, think of anything you please. I am ever near to clarify that thought and set you aright.

Your Angel,

One of the higher among the spheres of the Angels of God.”

SECOND MESSAGE.

“That message I gave just now was for you. This is for Kathleen, my younger spirit on earth! The sweet heart of you, my child, is troubled, and is fighting hard for composure and resignation over the separation so soon to come. Kathleen, I am guarding! It will not be long (ere) it does come to pass, only one or two things can hinder. Even higher spirits cannot interfere with the lower mental forces on the earth plane. We can only try to influence, and even some times when we are of no avail, and we resort to the aid of

powerful souls on spheres nearer the earth plane, even they fail! But this I do know! That you shall soon follow. I can influence my other child—the way will be opened, the means found. Kathleen, from the two opposite points of your continent I brought you two together. How much easier, now, with love and soul-affinity between you, it will be for me to keep you together. She will lead always. You will follow. Your work on earth will be together. This is just to my littlest spirit, my soul-child indeed, to fill up her heart with reassurance, till all sadness is driven away.

Her Angel also—who guards every moment the child of his soul."

CHAPTER XVI

On Saturday, March 15th, after lunch, Mab, Kathleen, and I were sitting in the library when I said, "I should like to try an experiment. I have read that greater power seems to come to spirit phenomena when attempted within a closet or cabinet. Let us take a table up into that large clothes-closet in the big empty room in the third story, and see if it helps to make the messages any easier to receive?"

The two girls were greatly interested in this, to them a novel idea, and up we all went. On the way I was not conscious of praying, but I was thinking hard, and hoping that perhaps, with the aid of the increased power the closet might afford, for the communicators, that among them 'our poet' might come. As we put our hands upon the table, to my honest astonishment it began to rock, to swing back and forth in precisely the same rhythmic way it did the afternoon when he came the first time and sent his first 'attempt' through. As my pencil began to move the

table became stationary, and this is what was written :

“You have thought—you have prayed
—I have come! Now I will try. It
is more difficult than I thought, to
write poetry through your mind.
You have naturally poetical thoughts
and high ideals, but it is not easy to
write my own through you because of
a certain soul-self-satisfaction that
you have which has—you said
SELF-SATISFACTION, I mean SELF-
CONSCIOUSNESS—that has increased
since you became aware of your
mediumship. Now rest a moment
and I will try quietly next time.”

We read this message over and discussed
it a moment, laughing and yet mystified,
at the correcting of the word “self-satisfaction,”
and then, as the table still claimed to be
inspired, sat in absolute darkness, and my
hand wrote :

“Now lift up your soul and fly with me
On wings of your heart's desire
Away down the stream of the milky-way,
Then higher, higher and higher.

And as you fly, open out your love
Till as you rise (ever higher)
(You) leave behind you, for God to see,
The path of your own soul’s fire.

Now rest.”

I here felt the force, which was far from strong, go. My hand relaxed, and I had just told Mab to open the door, when I felt it return, and my pencil start again, but this time something was more than ever wrong! I did not seem able to catch clearly the dictation coming into my mind, and before I finished I had a feeling of great disappointment, bordering on actual despondency, that I had failed to grasp something beautiful, something that was almost mine.

The words we found were almost meaningless, but at the end was written “ Together we will win, and I can prove (who) I am, to those among you who stand and wonder.”

I felt, if only he could have stayed a little longer and continued to try, perhaps he could have found a clearer way, but always his visits had been short, as though unable, for some reason we on this side know not of, to linger, or could it be that he, not being yet

in as high a plane as the communicator 'Gad,' had not the knowledge, and so dared not press too hard upon my mind, for fear of shattering it (see page 112). 'Gad' at first came through most disconnectedly—even more so than this one—but a moment after apparently made a readjustment that sufficed to bring forth clearly his thoughts through my mind. However, again on page 89 a message from a lesser spirit is found that starts and stops, and upon a second effort comes through clearly and apparently as desired. I give it up! I can indeed only 'stand and wonder.'

We tried to question further, but the communicator had gone, and instead I found the soul of a woman had taken his place. My delight was great when I learned that she claimed to be my mother's mother, the grandmother who had been the idol of my child and girlhood. She had 'passed over' nearly seventeen years before, following a fall on the staircase of her home in Pennsylvania. Because of the very personal nature of her message to me and other members of her family, which refers in some

detail to this, I am omitting that part. Her message read :

“Kathleen is the most acceptable friendship for me to see you have. I often used to think when I looked at you as a child that I would like to see you less lonely. You had many friends, but always I thought that you lived and thought beyond them. I, too, was like that, and I always also felt whenever you were under my roof as though I were understood and at peace.

* * * * *

Your grandfather, I have not found, nor many members of my family I had expected to, but I did find my father—your great grandfather,—for love, real love, had always been between us! Now, dear, love is the only thing that counts here or anywhere and some day I shall know more of it. Just now I am staying near the earth through a sense of duty only—duty to those I was responsible for. I am rejoiced that I have, for

I was the first to greet Eleanor* when she came out of her sleep and awoke here—and she knew me! She is like an exquisite earth-violet here, more lovely than any young girl you can imagine. When you see earth-violets, think of Eleanor. When you see tuberoses, think of me! I am a little 'overpowering' here, but when I go on I am told I will be more like white Easter Lilies. You, too, dear, will be of the same circle here. I am so glad, for I long to show you how I love you. Now, this is enough—only that I know your father here, and in that way, you will some day only, through your ability to love, you are even now, more advanced than he. He loves you and longs to show you how dearly. Now, I want you to call me often.

Your Grandmother."

* Eleanor was another granddaughter who had died in 1918, from influenza contracted while nursing American soldiers stricken with that dread disease.

CHAPTER XVII

MARCH 16th—SUNDAY.

The evening after these last communications Mr F. had again dined with us, and later he, Kathleen, Mab, and I were chatting over the library fire, while my husband and another guest had remained in the dining-room for a little conversation together.

Presently I said : “ I wonder if we try the table now, whether some of the spirits who came before, when Mr F. was here, will come again? I sent Mrs Granby the book her son Jack requested me to, and I should love to know whether he knew of this or not. Perhaps he will come again.”

We tried, and were rewarded, but not by the one expected. This time, we again had to have the name spelled out by the table, it tapping as usual for each letter until we knew that it was Jack Laurier ! He wished to speak to Kathleen, as before, so we found some paper and a pencil, and I sat ready to write. Nothing came. Suddenly, onto my

mind came the words, "Turn out the light," and I said it aloud, without consciously meaning to. For the first time, an electric lamp was burning over toward the windows, although we had put out the main ones. Always heretofore there had not been any light in the room, excepting from the fireplace. Kathleen arose at once and turned it out. Immediately my hand wrote, 'There that is better,' and then followed the rest of the message :

"K., it was a great joy to write you the other night. Now, as you count time, some weeks ago! But I was then so excited, I could not be serious. To-night I can, and I would like to tell you of the geography that is mine to travel over, here, for I know, though you all love best the higher spiritual messages, at the same time you like to know intimately, of our conditions here. What you know of the advance of science is something the way you must take what I tell you about this. At first you say, 'Impossible, what nonsense!' and if you see

the scientist you say, ‘He looks all right, but of course he’s crazy or I am.’ Now this life is even stranger for your mind to take in. You see, our nights, for instance—they are nights, but never dark in our immediate vicinity, they only darken till they are inky black and full of stars like yours, in their far-away vastness. Near us they are a soft iridescence, and it is very soothing—so soothing that they themselves rest us, and so we rarely sleep. Sleeps belongs to our days, and we only sleep then when, after a great strain on our minds we need oblivion. Oh, the sunrises!—when the sweet night-birds’ voices blend with the awakening bird-voices. When the children’s laughter intermingles with the birds’ song as *they* awaken—for children never cry here, K. They often grieve when they miss a mother’s love, at first; but if they miss a mother’s love, from her hardness in soon forgetting them, then that is the

real grief for them to bear, and is hardest for ministering ones to blot out. The waterfalls here are like yours on earth, only they make sweet noises as they rush or fall or drip, and the fields are much more varied in their colour, for our crops are many of them unknown to you. One that we love the most resembles alfalfa in colour, and yet it is unlike it in shape. Its product is a chemical one—not vegetable. Now, I will wait for another time to write the rest. I find I can do it easily. It is easier, naturally, for some than others.

Jack Laurier."

Immediately after reading this, my husband and his guest, who understood nothing at all of this, crossed the hall. We heard them coming, so we turned on the light, resuming our usual conversation.

The following Wednesday we did not have our usual circle, the pressure of 'things to do' before leaving for England had grown so great that I felt I could not do justice to those who came to write. I felt to make an

engagement with them and then not to be fit to keep it was unfair, but on Thursday evening, my husband having gone out, I was alone with Mab and Kathleen in my own room, when I said: “Children, I feel an impulse to write!”

“Oh, do you,” they exclaimed. “We are so glad, for now that you are so busy we do not like to ask you, and both of us have felt all day as though someone were waiting to ‘get through.’ And soon this message followed from ‘Tom’:

“When you and Kathleen are separated, I do hope that neither of you will grieve about it, for that will hamper us in trying from outside to keep things right and bright for you. As far as I can see, *or learn*, Kathleen will follow you across the water in a very short time. I would have her, instead, try to busy herself in all—— (before this was copied the next page became lost, and to date we have been unable to find it. The one following continued :) I understand perfectly when an interruption comes to you

when you are writing, for into your mind comes a confusion. It is no longer clear. It seems to circle and seethe. That is why I cannot also make clear to you what I wish to say. I do want to tell Kathleen, though, that I want her to do her work with a vim, and more clearly and conscientiously than ever, after you have gone, for I am near her, just as near her in B.C. as I would ever be in England. Going there does not make me nearer. Space is one of the hardest things for you to understand where you are. We do not at first, here, but soon it is a great joy to feel it is one less thing to calculate. Space and Time—indeed, it would be a waste of time to try to make you realise a lack of either of them, as it is with us. But the things we do try to make you understand are the vital things like this I have spoken of, which are the real forgings of character and the things that *last*. It will be a wonderful journey to you all. In a way we

shall be sorry if Kathleen cannot go with you. She may yet go, as powerful influences are at work—but she will follow, that is a certainty, we all feel. It is one bit of the working out of what you call evolution, and that we call ‘God’s weaving of a design.’ The design is about to take form and the pattern is spirit. The plan has shown faint suggestions of this, but soon the pattern will round up, and in it you will figure—not too prominently to distress you by too much publicity, but enough to make your own soul cry out in praise to God that he has used you as a tool. Now I will not go further. Your mind is greying over, and it will not take impressions clearly. Tom.”

After reading this I asked Tom a question, and found that he had gone, and instead my ‘guardian angel’ had come. My hand started to write. A transcendent sense of majestic silence seemed all about me, a feeling of looking into “infinite things,” when suddenly it all faded and was over, and only these words were recorded :

" Like stars hung in the vault of heaven are the thoughts in the minds of men. They gleam out through the darkness, about your sphere, till they shine into ours and attract us who love you. I will come again, never fear."

We did not try again, for just then my husband, returning unexpectedly, came into the room, turning on the lights as he entered, and we all began a general conversation. It was growing late, and we were tired.

CHAPTER XVIII

On Saturday morning, March 22nd, we were all deeply shocked to hear of the death of a young friend of ours from influenza. The Monday before she and her sister had both been stricken, and with the news of O.'s death came word that her younger sister S. was not expected to live.

Toward afternoon my heart was aching so for the poor bereft mother, whose mainstay in everything was her elder daughter, that I called Mab and Kathleen and proposed that we try the table and see if it would not comfort us, and perhaps tell us of the life O. had passed into, that perhaps some information might come through which we could send to her mother to comfort her. I felt I must do something! I must comfort that mother and the two big brothers who adored their sisters, the youngest girl S., and her brother G., being inseparable twins.

"Besides," I added to Kathleen, "Tom says *he* is taking a course in 'universal pity!'

He may come, if you think hard toward him and tell us of O."

So we gathered around our table, and to my surprise my 'guardian angel' wrote two messages, one at once following the other:

"There are mysteries too deep in this life, as well as yours, to enter into casually. I know you long to comfort your friend's mother, but that is not for you to do. That can only be done through God. If He wishes to use you as a means to do it, He will! You must not try to force an occasion. That is what the whole world is trying to do—force occasions! And that is going against God. Leave it to Him! Never was Mrs. B. as near God as now. It is His to lead her into a better comprehension of Him through this, and then, too, you cannot know but that He wants her to sorrow—sorrow until it turns to golden drops of comprehensive joy in a better understanding of God. Now, do not follow O. into the condition she has entered. She, too, is in God's inti-

mate care as never before. Out of her sorrow for her mother she will find a greater joy in God. All is well with them both. GRIEVE ONLY FOR THOSE WHO KNOW NOT GOD, not for such as these two who do know Him—and now so soon will know Him as never before. Your Angel.”

SECOND MESSAGE.

“ In the heart of the Infinite Father there is no room for anything but Love and care for the myriads He has created. Look at mother love, when it is at its perfection. How much greater the Mother-Love of God! Do not think of Him as of Fatherhood alone. Think of Him as the Duality of Mother and Father. Can you then think of sorrow as anything but a softening means to a greater development of *purified* joy? There are no inconsistencies in God! This is the added lesson I wish to send you now.

Your Angel Guide.”

What an exquisite lesson, what a gentle rebuke! For a few moments we sat in silence, as though the presence of some celestial being were almost within our vision, and even when, the next night, the news came that S. had joined O. in 'the Land of the Hereafter,' we felt no longer suffocating grief, and heart-breaking questionings of 'Why, oh, why, did this have to be?'—we only thought of the nearness that was now theirs to their Heavenly "Father—Mother," and of the sorrow that was really joy.



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